The Centre Reporter.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1884.
NO. 21

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

Pretty certain we are it will be Sammy Tilden.

Congressman Cassidy, of Nevada, is one of the men who believe that ex-Governor Tilden will accept the presidential nomination if tendered him by the Democratic National Convention. He headed the Pacific coast delegation on a visit to Gramercy Park, and was out in a long interview giving the incidents of that visit. He says that the published accounts of the visit are wholly fictitious. It was purely a social affair and the visiting Congressmen did not feel to make public what occurred. He further states that they found the ex-Governor in robust health, and with intellectual powers as keen and strong as ever. Nothing occurred during the interview, which lasted nearly an hour, which would lead to the belief that Mr. Tilden would not accept the nomination if offered him, and Mr. Cassidy says he came away from Gramercy firm in the conviction that he will be nominated and elected.

Every one of the fellows who went up the spout in New York, the other week, was a republican magnate. In the ruin prominently lies a presidential boom, feet up and head in the mud. Had congress passed the Morrison tariff bill the blame would have gone on the wicked Democrats.

Suppose Grant gets on the retired list and then looses the $20,000 annual income, by another speculation, would it not be in place to give him a special pension of another $20,000 per year. By the way, how would it do to appoint a guardian to take care of his funds?

All the sub-bosses are happy now. Don Cameron the chief boss has arrived home from Europe. Many of the sub-bosses were at Harrisburg to be on hand at his stepping off the cars, and kiss his hand, and tell him they are still loyal and only too glad to do his bidding on the presidential question,—it is thought Don hurried back to put a block in the path of Blaine.

Cuba is to come under the wings of the great American Eagle at last, according to a Washington special of the *World*, which says: Minister Foster, our representative in Spain, has been in Washington a number of weeks. It is now learned that he is here for the purpose of assisting the State Department to negotiate a treaty with Spain for the purchase of Cuba. Spain is ready to sell and Frelinghuysen is ready to buy. The price is not yet agreed upon, but it is probable that this will be soon settled on.

Spain holds Cuba now only at a loss, owing to her bad management of the affairs of that unhappy island. Twice this Government has nearly purchased Cuba. Buchanan once nearly bought Cuba for $50,000,000. Hamilton Fish once had a treaty all perfect to buy Cuba for $350,000,000. After the treaty had been ratified by the executive authorities of the two governments Mr. Fish, before sending the treaty to the Senate for final ratification, thought in his conservative fashion that it would be prudent to send a circular note to the powers asking them if they would object to the purchase. Of course they did, and Mr. Fish never sent the treaty to the Senate. Now the administration has conceived the idea of purchasing Cuba as an offset to the brilliant policy of Mr. Blaine. It is said that Spain is now willing to sell cheap, and that she will take $50,000,000 rather than not sell at all. Cuba might be a feather in the cap of the Administration.

Any of these sub-bosses will be glad to accept a pair of old pants, shoes, tie, shirt, or other of his cast-off garments of his European trip and wear the same as a precious souvenir of the head-boss of all that is low and corrupt in politics.

If the Republicans can't agree on any one of the old leaders, at Chicago, why not settle down on Gen. Beaver without any further fooling?

Ward, of the broken firm of Grant & Ward, has been arrested on the charge of swindling. One of the young Grants has gone to Europe. Bail in the actual sum of $300,000 was asked, which Ward did not have much prospect in finding, and he felt a little bad over the turn of affairs. There are some others feeling bad too.

Hon. L. A. Mackey is mentioned in Clinton county as a candidate for assembly. He would make a capital representative.

The Penn Bank, of Pittsburg, has failed.

In Dauphin county potatoes are selling for 20 cents per bushel.

If Samuel J. Tilden is nominated for President by the Democrats—and we think he will be—there is nothing the Republicans could do, to cast greater honor upon their party, than to refuse to nominate a candidate in opposition to Mr. Tilden. Such action would entirely wipe out the disgrace of the presidential steal and acquit the party of the charge of endorsing the 8 to 7 work by unanimously conceding Mr. Tilden the position of chief magistrate of the nation of which he was wrongfully deprived in 1876. The Republican party could do no more graceful act or anything to cast greater lustre upon its organization than to let Mr. Tilden be elevated to the presidency without opposition. This is due Mr. Tilden in view of the history of the past.

Is the Republican party—which has admitted the fraud was perpetrated—equal to such an act of justice, and ready to wipe out the great stain that hangs upon the nation? If not, Mr. Tilden will be triumphantly elected anyway with the aid of the votes of thousands of Republicans who never endorsed the great crime of 1876.

SYMPATHY FOR THE REPUBLIC, NOT GRANT.

General Grant fought well as a soldier in the war. We are quite willing that the Government should put him on the retired list at full pay. We favor the bill for that purpose, not from any maudling sympathy with the gambling stockbroker, but from sound sympathy with the honor of the nation which is disgraced by his greedy speculative transactions.

In the name of national honor and reputation, give the ex-President an income sufficient to satisfy him, and let his friends seek, if possible, to keep him out of such business in the future.

But while doing so, do not by such sermons as that of Mr. Beecher and by the false sentiment of a gushing press condone his offenses and encourage him to repeat them.

"God bless Gen. Grant! He was not to blame; simple, dear old fellow, he knew nothing of the wrong."

This is the verdict Mr. Beecher claims for the bankrupt broker and solvent ex President.

It is worse than fustian; it is false.

Grant was not blameless and simple when he upheld Belknap and Babcock and stood between them and justice. He was not blameless and simple when he made the Black Friday pool with Fisk and Gould. He was not blameless and simple when he accepted gifts from people who would be certain to want favors in return. He was not blameless and simple when he held the Presidency for eight years, defying public sentiment and debauching public virtue. He was not blameless and simple when for years and years every Republican organ puffed him to the very skies as a great, shrewd, keen, wise man. He was not blameless and simple when he degraded his office and disgraced his country by stepping from the Presidency and the supreme command of a nation's armies into a Wall street broker's business, to gamble in stocks.

If Grant had made $10,000,000 for himself instead of losing $10,000,000 for others in his gambling speculations he would have been just as culpable, just as reprehensible as he is now. His offense is in his disregard of the high dignity of his position as the first citizen and the first soldier of the Republic. He has degraded his title, and in so doing has degraded the nation. What claim has such a man on the sympathy of the people? So says the New York *World*.

The following extracts from the testimony of Ferdinand Ward before the referee are significant in showing the methods of business which have been going on in Wall street:

"Upon all those transactions of yours what rate of interest or profit did you pay?"

"From my recollection I never paid less than 20 per cent per month."

* * * * * * *

"What made you pay such enormous returns for the use of money?"

"That's hard to tell."

"Well, hard in one sense, but not difficult. You must have some reason for paying 20 per cent. a month for the use money. You were not making that profit, were you?"

"No, sir."

"And turned some of it over to Grant & Ward?"

"Used it in general business in both accounts. I borrowed it from Peter to pay Paul."

"The amount of it is, you paid these large returns in the name of profits, or interests, or under whatever name you paid them, in order to raise money to pay debts previously contracted?"

"It depends upon what you mean by debts."

"Well, in order to pay or retain this money you had borrowed or received, you were willing to contract to pay 20 per cent. a month?"

"Yes, I think that was it."

"You didn't do it for the fun of the thing, did you?"

"I did it to avoid the transactions being known."

"How long have you been in such a condition that you could not pay your debts without raising money at the rate of 20 per cent. a month?

"Certainly two years, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

The wool growers, principally of Pennsylvania and Ohio, had a convention in Chicago last week. Their purpose was to demand a high tariff on wool, so as to prevent importation and give them a chance to fix the price to suit themselves. A wool-growers convention would naturally be a sheepish affair, and if the people who wear woolen goods will allow the wool to be drawn over their eyes all they need pray for is mild winters.

Reasons why it would be to the public good to have Tilden for our next President, are, that he has a splendid record as a reformer and is unspotted in character. That for the crew of jobbers and plunderers he is alarmingly honest. He is so well fixed in this world's goods—and a bachelor—that to further enrich himself by a dishonest administration, would never enter his mind. That while he is not ambitious for the nomination which the REPORTER thinks he is sure to get, his age at the expiration of his term will not leave him ambitious to intirgue for a second term.

A spirit medium has just interviewed the late Charles Guiteau on the off-shore of the river Styx. He said: "I have been a little disappointed by Arthur's Administration. He has not stood by his friends very well, but if he can secure another term I am confident that he will do the proper thing by us. We business men must stand together."

The "business men" had a big meeting in New York, one day last week, to help the Arthur boom. There are several hundred millions of a surplus in the treasury, and it stands to reason that every one of these "business men" means business in view of this fact.

A singular case was presented before the board of pardons a few days ago. John Sullivan, of Allegheny county, while in St. Louis a year ago murdered a watchman and escaped before trial and returned to this state. Six months ago he was convicted of burglary in Allegheny county and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. A St. Louis detective asked for Sullivan's pardon and his extradition to St. Louis for murder. Sullivan refuses to be pardoned in order that St. Louis may hang him, and the question arose whether a convict could be pardoned against his will. Decision was postponed for further argument.

The national republican convention meets at Chicago next Tuesday.

Three magnificent ocean steamers are ploughing the North Atlantic at this writing, all headed for New York. They are of the aquatic greyhound species, and they left Queenstown in conjunction. Naturally there will be a race.

Ward, of the swindling firm of Grant & Ward, is now in jail for want of bail.

It is hardly probable that Grant will be placed upon the retired list this session. A number of protests have been filed against his retirement, and it now looks as if the House Committee will simply pigeon-hole the measure.

One Ward went for Grant unanimously and now lies in jail for it. Is this rough on the Ward or rough on Grant?

Harry White has been nominated for Judge in his district. Peace to his ashes.

The West Side Bank of New York suspended on Saturday. Next.

—A rich yellow sugar 4 pounds for 25 cents. Best granulated sugar, 8 cents per pound. A good sugar syrup at 40c per gallon. A light colored, heavy body, pure sugar syrup, at 50 cents. This is the best bargain in syrups ever offered in Bellefonte. Best New Orleans Syrup, 80 cents a gallon. 1 pound Baker's baking powder, 25 cents. This is as good powder as any in the market. Try a pound. Arbuckle's coffee, three pounds for 50 cts. Mild full cream cheese, 18c per pound. Canned tomatoes for 7c per can, corn 7c per can, peas 7c per can, beans 7 cts. per can. Just received, new crop maple-sugar in bricks. Best brands of smoking and chewing tobacco. Kennedy's Boston crackers, biscuits and jumbles always fresh. We have just received our spring stock of fine new mackerel, which we are selling out at the lowest possible price for good goods. 10 lb Kits No. 2 Shore mackerel $1, 40 pounds same $4, 80 pounds same $7.50. 10 pound Kits No. 2 Extra $1.25, 12 pounds same $1.35. 10 lb Kits No. 1 Shore mackerel $1 50, 15 lb same 2 00, 40 lb same 5 00, 80 lb same 9 50. 15 lb Kits No. 1 extra 2 25, 40 lb same 5 50, 10 lb Kits No. Extra mess Shore mackerel 2 25, 15 lb same 3 00. 100 lbs Labrador Herring 4 00, 100 lbs Portland Roe Herring 3 50. These goods were bought from the Boston packers direct, and are guaranteed both in quality and weight as branded on each package. We are selling a good Young Hyson tea for 40 cents per pound. We are offering good bargains in sugars, syrups, canned goods and mackerel. Our meat market is always well stocked with the best. We are now killing cattle that weigh 1200 to 1500 pounds, and the best mutton and veal to be found.

SECHLER & Co., Bellefonte.

Wheatland, Buchanan's old home, near Lancaster, mansion house and 23 acres, was sold for $20,000.

The shipment of coal over the Tyrone division of the Pennsylvania railroad last week was the largest in the history of the road.

THREE HANGINGS.

Portsmouth, O., May 23.—Laban Stevens, the murderer of Anderson Lackey, an invalid soldier, was hanged in Waverly, 20 miles distant, at 11 o'clock this morning.

Oakland, Cal., May 23.—Lloyd L. Majors was hanged this morning. He was 46 years old and was born near the home of Garfield in Ohio. He graduated at Ann Arbor College in 1870 and began the practice of law, but afterwards joined the Methodist ministry. After preaching several years he came to the Pacific coast and settled at Los Galos, where he became the owner of a hotel. The double murder for which he was executed was committed a year ago. He planned it, leaving the execution, however, to two tools named Jewell and Thomas. They were both tried and convicted, but before this all the facts in the case and agency of Majors became known.

Little Valley, N. Y., May 23.—At 10:45 a. m. the last preparations were completed for the hanging of Charles B. Clark, for the murder of his wife on Dec 13, 1883. Clark had given up all hope of a reprieve and was resigned. At 11:10½ he was hanged. A short time before death Clark made a full confession of his crime.

Philadelphia, May 23.—Lightning tonight struck a large tank containing crude oil at the Atlantic Refining Co., on the Schuylkill river. The flames communicated to another large tank and several small ones and all were burning fiercely. It is feared the oil in other tanks will catch on fire. The loss at that hour was $150,000.

AN INSANE WOMAN'S ACT.

St. Louis, May 25.—This morning Mrs. Alexander Edmount, of this city, cut the throats of her three children, aged three months, four and six years, respectively. The oldest wes not fatally injured. She then cut her own throat, but may recover. Insanity was the cause.

Getting on in the world by means of the patronage of the powerful and the drawing-rooms of the great may be the supreme of personal success, so far as that goes; but it seldom, if ever, assists real genius or creates lasting repute, at all times it is a danger and a snare.

To let go one's friends is one thing, but to be forced to feel that they have let you go, in an unkind way, and that you cannot think quite as well of them as you used to do, is another and much harder trial.

Persons desiring fruit or ornamental trees, vines, shrubery, will do well to consult W. W. Dellett who is representing J. Austin Shaw, of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Shaw can be depended upon as furnishing good stock and trees to the name, as he has been in the business for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Shaw is endorsed by Jas. Vicks, Chase Bro's and other prominent nurserymen. Mr. Dellett is from Milroy, Mifflin Co., and can give the best of references if desired. He makes a specialty of fruit adapted to this section of country. 4t,

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	54⅝	—60
Wheat	"	86¾	—1.02¼
Oats	"	32¾	—40
Pork	"	18.50	
Lard	"	8 32	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.00
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	65
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	55
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	*9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 22; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 12 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.25; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 20, eggs 15, ham 16 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 12, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

MARRIED.

At the residence of James Ardery, in Vort township, March 4, by Rev. W. Ridge, Mr. Wm. H. Runkle and Miss Ada V. Poorman, both of Centre Hill, Centre Co.

On 17 instant, John Rote and Chestie Fisher, both of Penn.

At Spring Mills, May 22, by Rev. W. K. Foster, Mr. J. H. Rheam and Miss Mary L. Barree, both of Spring Mills.

April 20, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Mr. Perry Breon and Miss Emma Dunkle, both of near Centre Hall.

May 22, at Centre Hall, by Same, Calvin Finkle and Miss Annie Harter, both of near Spring Mills.

On May 22, by M. L. Rishel, Esq., Mr. Samuel L. Hoover and Miss Annie A. Bame, both of Spring Mills.

DIED.

Died, Martin Luther Swartz, in Orangeville, Ill., May 14, '84, of consumption, at the home of his parents, Michael M. Swartz, aged 25 years, 6 months, [illegible] days. Deceased was born in Oneco twp., Stephenson county, Ill., where he lived until his death; his boyhood days he spent with his parents on a farm, and some seven years ago they moved to the above named village, afterwards he clerked in a store. On a trip to Centre and Union counties, last fall, he contracted a cold which led to his decease. He died declaring his peace with God, and lived a Christian life. (Centre and Union county papers copy.) A FRIEND.

A CONVICT'S SKILL.

Among the lodgers of the central police station recently, was Henry Dalton twenty-five years of age, and a fine-appearing young man. Four years ago he was sent to Waupun from Tomah for burglary, and was released the fore part of the present week.

Several months ago he designed to escape, and so well arranged was his plan that he was carried outside the prison walls by employees of the prison, but through a slight defect in his plan it failed. The plan which Dalton adopted, was to ship himself for sixty dozen of shoes. He had been at work in the shoe department, and from time to time, as an opportunity presented itself, he removed sixty dozen of the shoes from a case that was ready for shipment, storing them in several hogsheads of pegs.

He removed all the nails from one end of the case and cut them off close to the head and carefully returned the heads to their original places, securing the ends with ropes, such as are placed around cases before shipping. He then placed the case among those to be shipped and stored himself in it, taking a knife with him with which he could cut the ropes, which would permit the head to drop out, so that he could thus effect his escape when the case had reached a favorable place. The case with the others, was carried from the building and placed on a wagon to be taken to the depot.

A crack was discovered in the case however, by the teamster, who thinking it was a defect, had it returned to the shipping-room. In the meantime Dalton's disappearance was discovered, and a search made for him, but not within the walls of the prison. He remained in the case until night, when he let himself out and crawled under the floor, where he remained for two and one-half days, thinking that he might yet escape, but weakness overcame him and he was obliged to surrender himself.

During the last year and a half of his confinement he practiced writing one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening while in his cell, until he has become almost perfect and is now fitted to teach writing. He has a number of beautiful designs of work which he executed with the pen.

FISH FOOD.

The Fish Commissioner has done much toward increasing and disseminating this class of food throughout the country. The trouble has been to get a fish adapted to the necessities of all sections. The evidence is accumulating to prove that in the German carp we have a food-fish capable of furnishing almost unlimited supplies at very little cost. This fish is of especial value to the farmers, as it will live in ponds which become so warm that no other fish can exist in them. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the added comfort it would be to a farmer if he could go out and take from his pond a five or six-pound carp which would give him and his family a good dinner. Any ordinary pond will do for a carp. An excavation in the course of a creek, dammed at the lower end with a grating, so that a flood will not carry the fish away, answers perfectly. The carp will eat almost anything, and a pond of four square rods in extent will furnish all the fish-food a family wants. Carp grow from the egg to three pounds in one year. They multiply rapidly, a single female yielding half a million eggs in a year. They spawn in May and June. In the winter they burrow in the mud and remain dormant, neither making nor losing growth. In the spawning season they must be fed, or they will destroy the spawn. At other times they need not be fed, unless there are so many of them in the pond that the aquatic vegetation and supplies brought down by the feeding stream are insufficient. There is scarcely a doubt that a carp-pond would be a profitable adjunct to nearly every farm.

PHOTOGRAPHING LIGHTNING.

A Bohemian observer, Mr. Robert Haensel, of Ceichenberg, has succeeded in accurately photographing a flash of lightning. His pictures, of which he has taken several, show the light of the flash, under the form of long continuous sparks, traversing the atmosphere. With the spark, the landscape is also well produced, and a means is given for estimating the length of the luminous train, which, in one instance, is calculated to be 1,700 metres, or more than a mile. Wheatstone demonstrated by direct experiments of great ingenuity that single flashes of lightning do not last more than a millionth of a second.

There is nothing that so goads a spirited woman to madness as the realization that any man controls her husband.

Remember by paying the REPORTER one year in advance subscribers get credit for 14 months.

Now that sudden and violent changes of weather occur every 24 hours almost every one is troubled with coughs and colds making a reliable, effective and trustworthy cough medicine a desirable article. In this connection Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine is especially worthy of note—it never fails; it never disappoints. Instructions for treatment of croup and whooping cough accompany each bottle. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray. tf

REMOVAL.

I would respectfully inform my friends and the public generally that I have removed my place of business to my new building on Water street, Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., near High street bridge, and near the depot. The house has been built with a view to the needs of the Gun and Fishing Tackle business. It is my desire to make this establishment second to none in Pennsylvania. To successfully do this I respectfully ask your co-operation. I can sell you anything in my line as cheaply as goods of the same same quality can be bought for anywhere else. A new stock of

FISHING TACKLE
GUNS, REVOLVERS, AND AMMUNITION,

just received at astonishingly low prices.

Send for new illustrated Catalogue containing a copy of the Game Laws of Pa.

I have also connected with my establishment a SHOOTING GALLERY; a good 20 yard range, with splendid Targets, CREEDMORE RIFLES and Electric Light. This gallery will be open for practice on the evening of April 9. You are cordially invited to be present.

THEODORE DESHNER, Gunsmith.
12mar3m

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			le3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

Leave Eastward.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.30
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.18
			A.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		1.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar.5.40	ar.9.10	ar.10.30	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

WE ARE SELLING
TO-DAY.

Nails at $2.65 Basis. Bar Iron at 2¼ Cents.

Lewis' Pure White Lead at $7.00. Mixed Paints, all colors, very low.

Door Locks at 25 cents and 35 cents each. Thum Latches at 4 and 5 cents each.

Long handled iron Shovels at 35 and 40 cents each.

GOOD SETS OF AXLES AT $2.50.

Good Hickory Fellows at 75c per pair.

Good finished hickory Poles at 75c.

Bright Springs 8½ to 9½c per pound.

Finished hickory Shafts at 50 to 60 cts. per pair.

Dash leather. Dull, Duck, Rubber Drill

LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN.

Wood screws, Carriage and Tar bolts almost at the price of bar iron per lb. Ask or write for prices.

One-strap Horse blanket at 75c each
Two strap " " 85c "

Buffalo Robes, Lap Robes, Whips, &c., very low. Call and see them. We are selling the largest stock of goods we ever sold.

MACHINE BOLTS

from 4½ inches to 36 inches by ½x¾.

You need not make them any more. We sell them at about the price you pay for the round iron. Think of 14½x½ machine bolts, square heads and nuts and screws for 10 to 15 cents each.

Great Reduction in Shades and Shadings.

Shades, plain, fringed and scolloped Lower than ever.

The newest styles of Dado, Picturesque and Artistic shades, beautiful in design and finish.

Horse Shoes at $4.25 Per Keg.

Steel and Iron Harrow Teeth. Tool Steel never was as low.

Cedar tubs, galvanized and iron bands, Painted Pails, Step Ladders, Matches, Twines, Paper Bags, &c., &c., never were as low in price and as good in quality.

Dupont's Powder,

Rifle, Maning, Eagle, Bar Lead, Shot, &c

10 000 PIECES WALL PAPERS

From five cents a bolt up to any price you want them; no trouble to show them. Come and look at them if you don't want them, just to see how pretty they are. Centres, Ceilings, Brackets, Finest Stylings in plain and gilt.

SILVER WARE.

Our Silver Ware Cases will soon be open for inspection. A full branch of Sil Hollon ware. Knives, Forks, Castors, &c., will be opened at unheard of low prices.

BIRD CAGES, Japan and Brass. Our full stock just in 25 per cent lower than last season.

Brushes of all kinds. Brooms of all kinds. Very low.

On application our catalogue and price lists will be mailed to any one. Trade supplied with all our merchandise at trade prices, which on comparison will be found as low as eastern prices.

F. G. FRANCISCUS,
feb26tf Lewistown, Pa.

SLUMBER FAIRIES.

Up the side of the trundle-bed
Softly they go,
And over the pillow with gentle tread
They come to the golden baby-head;
Under his lashes he tries to peep,
But before he knows he is fast asleep.
—Isn't it so?

For they bind the baby with fairy charms,
Wonders to tell;
They loose the clasp of the dimpled arms,
And smooth his forehead with soft, small palms,
And draw their cloaks o'er his drowsy ears,
Till a fairy music is all he hears,
Pleasing him well.

They shade his eyes with a little dream—
Where did it grow?
It grew by the side of a fairy stream,
Where Baby wandereth now, I deem,
With the Slumber Fairies to guide his feet.
Good-night, dear laddie! your rest be sweet!
Mamma must go.

A STRANGE CHARACTER.

One evening, during the progress of the war of the Revolution in America, an old woman, living in the suburbs of Portsmouth, England, was summoned to her door by a knock, and, on opening it, found herself confronted with an old man, poorly dressed, with a bundle in his hand, such as travelers of his class frequently carried on their pedestrian tours.

"Madam," he said, respectfully, "can I get to lodge here to-night?"

"It aren't my business to take lodgers," replied the mistress of the house, scanning the applicant closely by the light she held in her hand.

"I s'pose not, madam—but I'm a poor man, and want shelter somewhere."

"Well, why don't you go to an inn? there's plenty of them in the town."

"Just because I'm poor, and can't afford to pay as much as they'd ask. I've got a little money, only a little, and I want to make it go as far as I can. I'm willing to pay you what's reasonable; and then I'd save something, I'm thinking."

"Who are you? where do you belong? and what's your business?"

"I'm called John the Painter, and that explains my business, and I belong anywhere where I happen to be. If you're not satisfied with this answer, why, good night to you, and I'll trudge on to try my chance somewhere else."

The old woman, who was poor herself, and lived alone, in a small, crazy, old house, thought she might as well gather in a few pennies, by keeping the traveler, as to let some of her neighbors do it; and so, after a little reflection, she replied:

"I s'pose I can keep you, if as you say, you'll pay me what's reasonable—for, like you, I'm poor, too, and can't afford to do it for nothing. Come in and sit down—you look tired. I s'pose you want supper?"

"Yes, if you please," said John the Painter, as he walked in and took a seat near the fire, upon which he fixed his eyes somewhat abstractedly, while he carelessly threw his hat and bundle down beside him.

For the half hour that the mistress of the house was busied in preparing his supper, the traveler seemed deeply absorbed in matters of his own, and scarcely once took his eyes from the fire, or changed his position. At first the old woman glanced at him furtively, with an air of ordinary curiosity, and occasionally ventured some common-place remark; but finding he made no reply, took no notice of her presence, and even seemed not to hear her, she became bolder in her manner, and two or three times stopped near him, staring directly into his face

He appeared to be between sixty and seventy years of age, had gray hair, a stern, pinched face, a large nose, thin, compressed lips, and cold, staring eyes, the expression of which was far from pleasing, and which was not redeemed by anything else in his countenance. In fact he seemed like a man not at peace with himself or the world, and who was either then brooding over some committed crime or some contemplated revenge.

"There, sir, your supper's ready, if you want it," at length spoke the mistress, in a half querulous tone, as if offended that none of her previous remarks had been noticed.

The strange traveler took no heed, but still sat staring at the fire.

"I say your supper's ready, man; and, if you want it hot, you'd better eat it before it gets cold; for I'll not warm it again, this blessed nigh', for you nor nobody else!" cried the hostess, in an angry tone.

Still no movement—no response—no indication that her unmusical voice was not yet heard.

"I say!" she half screamed in his ear, at the same time taking hold of his arm rather rudely.

Like a ball he sprung from his seat and confronted her, his eyes looking wild and wicked.

"Good Lord, man, don't scare a body so!" exclaimed the woman, taking two or three quick, backward steps, and turning pale with fright. "I'm only trying to make you understand your supper's ready."

The stranger glared at her for a moment, then at the table, and then seemed to comprehend the true facts.

"Oh! ah! yes!" he replied, with a grim smile. "I beg your pardon!— it's likely you've spoke to me before!"

"It's like I have, a half a-dozen times, just as I might have talked to a post!"

"Yes, madam, I see—I thank you—I beg your pardon! I was busy thinking, and forget where I was."

He then took his seat at the table, and, while eating his supper, tried to make amends for his former impolite abstraction, by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well in his efforts to please, that the mistress of the house became quite charmed with his conversation, and began to think he might possibly be an angel in disguise—or, in other words, a rich and eccentric old gentleman, whom good fortune had thrown in her way for a futuere husband or possible legacy.

But these bright hopes did not have a long duration—for scarcely had the stranger finished his meal, than he suddenly grew cold, taciturn and abstracted, and presently asked to be shown to his bed. If he slept soundly, the mistress of the house did not—for after the dispelling of the bright fancy of future wealth, she began to fear that the stranger might take a notion to shorten her life before morning, and so lay awake and listened, and trembled at every unusual sound.

The night, however, passed off without any disturbance; and at daylight the old man rose and went out, leaving his bundle behind. Scarcely was he out of sight before the curiosity of his hostess set her at work to see if she could gather any new facts.

If he had left a trunk, instead of a bundle, she would probably have found away to open and rummage it; but as it was, she had only to untie an old, dirty handkerchief; and there, before her eyes, lay a shirt, a pair of stockings, and a tin box—a curious-looking tin box—for which, unfortunately for her ease of mind, she could not imagine any use. She held it up, turned it over, shook it, and tried her best to see into it, and conjecture for what purpose it was made; but not being able to do this, she at length resigned it with a sigh, rolled it up as she had found it, tied up the bundle, and went about her own business.

John the Painter came back to a late breakfast, and then settled with the curious widow for all he had of her, at the same time remarking that he might possibly remain in town another night, in which case he hoped he would be permitted to return and pass another night under her hospitable roof.

To this she now readily gave consent, again thinking him a man of some consequence.

He then inquired where he could find a tinman; and receiving the proper direction to one, he bade her good-bye and started off, this time taking his bundle with him

Toward evening, however, he came back, and said he had concluded to stay another night in town, and wanted supper, which the widow again prepared for him.

He ate this meal in silence, and soon after made some excuse to go out.

He was absent some two or three hours; and when he returned he reported that there was quite a large fire, which he understood to be in some government buildings that he feared would be consumed.

"But blessed are the poor!" he added, with a strange kind of a laugh, which his hostess afterwards recalled; "for they have nothing to lose."

He then went to bed, and appeared to rest well through the night; but rose at the first streak of day, paid his reckoning, and took his departure, saying he should not return.

On going out, an hour or two later, the widow was surprised to see the usually quiet town of Portsmouth in great commotion—groups collected here and there, as if discussing some remarkable event—and mounted men, both military and civil, dashing hither and yon, all seeming hurried and anxious. On every blank wall, too, there was a flaming placard, announcing the startling fact that a hundred thousand pounds worth of naval stores had been destroyed by incendiarism, that secret emissaries of the enemy were supposed to be in their midst, offering large rewards for the arrest and conviction of the guilty, and ordering all citizens to report to the nearest magistrate the names of all strangers who had lodged in town during the last three days, and more especially the last night.

As soon as the widow fairly understood this matter, she hastened to give in the name of John the Painter, with a description of his person, manner, conversation, and withal, his curious tin box and visit to the tinman. The latter was immediately sent for, and deposed that he had made a curious affair, the use of which he did not know.

All this fully fixed suspicion upon the eccentric old man; and as it was supposed he had been dispatched from town to some distant point by relays of horses, horsemen were sent off in every direction in hot pursuit, with orders to arrest every mounted person they might find.

Somewhere about mid-day John the Painter was overtaken, on the regular London road, by one of these mounted parties, who stopped and inquired if any one had passed him on horseback that morning.

"Not a soul," replied the old man.

"How long have you been on this road?"

"Since daylight. Why?"

"There was a great destruction of naval stores in Portsmouth last night, the work of some infernal incendiary, and we want to catch the villain."

"Well, do you s'pose he fled on horseback?" said the old man, with a peculiar twinkle of his eyes.

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, he didn't—he went on foot."

"Ha! how do you know?"

"Because I know the man who did it."

"Who is he? Where is he?" demanded the leader excitedly.

"He's called John the Painter, and he's here, I'm the man."

"Take care how you jest, old fellow!" returned the other warmingly; "it might get you into trouble."

"If you can't understand plain English, you're as big a fool as your royal master is a knave!" said the old man, with an angry sneer. "I tell you I'm the man that did it—and I'm the man that glories in it—and if you don't believe me, ride on and hunt till you get sense!"

The horsemen now thought the old man was crazy; but, after what he had said, they concluded to arrest him and take him back to Portsmouth. They did so, and there he was confronted with the old woman and the tinman, both of whom identified him as the mysterious stranger they had described.

He was then asked to make a confession and his name accomplices.

"I never had any accomplices," said the old man, indignantly. "What I did, I did alone, and I glory in it. I once lived peaceably and happily in the quiet little town of Amboy, State of New Jersey, far away over the great waters; and I'd been living peaceable there to-day, if the minions of King George had left me alone; but they came there, and insulted and abused me, and burned down my dwelling, and cast me adrift to shift for myself—and then I took a solemn oath I'd be revenged. It was my first intention to kill your vile king; and I'd have done it, only for Mr. Deane our secret minister at Paris who convinced me it was wrong to slay the Lord's Anointed; and so, as the next best thing, I determined to burn as much of the king's property as I could. I came direct from Paris here, and you know what I've done since I got here, and that's enough. I know you'll hang me for it—but I don't care for that. I'm a poor, friendless, old man, made sick of life by your accursed deeds; and now, that I've got my revenge, I don't care how soon I die.

They sent the old man, under guard, to London, where he underwent a close examination before the Privy Council—but no new facts were elicted. He strictly adhered to his first statement; and mainly on his own evidence, or confession, he was tried, convicted, sentenced, and hanged.

We have only to add, that the foregoing may be relied on as strictly authentic.

Gathering Money.

During their American tours Bernhard, Langtry and Irving gathered in over a million dollars. Mrs. Langtry's total earnings were $229,663. Mme. Bernhard's are stated to have been $390,000 for twenty-six weeks, an average of $2,145 for 181 performances. Mr. Irving's are given as $405,904, or an average of $2 242. When Rachael appeared thirty-eight times in New York and Boston, in 1855, the total receipts were 629,242 francs. Mr. Irving's greatest success was, perhaps, in Boston. In one week he played there to 27,000 hearers—something which he never did before. The weeks receipts were $24,087.

Cure "Crazes."

About ten years ago the blood cure started, and for a time every one troubled with weak lungs became a convert, that is, in our large cities. Then came the mud bath. People flocked to a certain Spa in Germany to try the virtues of a sticky black mud, which was said to cure rheumatism. To bathe in it meant simply to be buried in it up to the chin for an hour or two, and then to spend several hours in a tub of water getting rid of the reminiscence. The blue glass cure will be recollected by all. The sun bath cure, the fish oil cure for consumption, the simple diet cure, the celery cure for nervousness, and many others, started out as crazes but their best points have fonnd their way into the array of orthodox remedies.

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.

Children are living jewels dropped unstrained from heaven.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

Chastity, once lost, cannot be recalled; it goes only once.

By general mistake, ill-nature as often passes for wit as cunning does for wisdom.

Hyde Park.

It is the unfortunate Charles the First that the English people have to thank for the opening of Hyde Park to the public. During his reign the gentry of the neighboring country used to try the speed of their horses in friendly races beneath its spreading trees, witnessed by the pleasure-loving Londoners, who cheered each his favorite, and drank to his success in draughts of new milk carried around and sold by pretty milkmaids, crying, "New milk of a red cow!" just as they continued to cry a century after at Milk Fair in St. James' Park. Not only did the simple London folk come to witness these sports, but the king and his nobles were animated spectators; for we read of fair and noble dames betting "scarlet silk stockings and scented Spanish gloves" with the gallants of the court, often giving odds of twenty to thirty for or against some particular steed.

At one of those racing bouts old Aubrey tells us that Charles the First gave a mortal affront to one Henry Martin, M. P. for the county of Berks. Martin, it appears, was a rough fellow, and several complaints had been made to the king respecting his rudeness. It so happened that Martin was present in the park when the king was going to witness the sports, and seeing him, Charles said aloud, so that all could hear, "Let that ugly rascal begone out of the park." The royal mandate was obeyed, but the "ugly rascal" had terrible revenge when, a few years later, he put his name next to Cromwell's upon Charles' death warrant. On that ominous day Martin, sitting beside Cromwell, "gave his vote very merrily, and was a great sport," whilst the Roundhead leader besmeared Martin's face with ink, a joke which the jolly member for Berks immediately retaliated by punching the jaws of General Oliver—at least so say the historians of the times.

From time to time during each succeeding reign Hyde Park was the playground of the people. Routs, revels, dances, plays and races were lustily enjoyed by the good citizens of London, no matter how much discord and strife shook the country or engaged her soldiers in home and foreign wars. In later years it has been greatly reduced in area, always, however, against the sturdy protest of the people. In 1825 a strip of ground at Hyde Park corner was cut off from the park and added to the grounds of Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, who at that time was by no means popular; and that mighty power, even in monarchical England, "the people," expressed in pretty strong language their opinions respecting this encroachment upon their ancient rights and privileges. But after all they gained more than they lost, for the locality had long been the resort of idlers and vagabonds. They simply asserted their right to grumble, and then submitted.

From Rome to London.

From Rome to London in forty-eight hours! It seems a dream! Yet it was so! Says a recent correspondent: I left Rome on Thursday, at five minutes to three o'clock P. M., and was in London at a few minutes past five o'clock on Saturday, and we lost two hours and more in Calais, and an hour and a half at Bale, otherwise we should have been in London three and a half hours earlier. At first, I thought of taking the new Nice route, but the fare being about two hundred francs more than on any other route, I chose the St. Gothard route, as being the newest and most picturesque, and within an hour of the swiftness of the other route, which was worth saving two hundred francs. I think, speaking from experience, I would advise every one to select the St. Gothard route, one way, at least, and never to take the Nice route, unless compelled to pass by Nice, as no time is saved by it, and it is less picturesque than any other route, whilst costing 200 francs more than the other routes. I must also warn travelers against taking a bed in one of the sleeping-cars that are now added to every railway train in Europe. You may, perhaps, think they are like American sleeping-cars, but they are not. By night and by day they resemble church pews in the Protestant churches of England, with the partition walls carried up to the roof, giving you a stifling, suffocating feeling, quite unbearable at times. The beds are placed one above the other, in ship's berth fashion. I would not have one of these beds if given to me, for, not only are they uncomfortable in every way, but you run the risk of catching all kinds of illnesses, as there is no time given to their cleaning and airing between each journey. They are roughly swept and dusted, but that is all. I know what I say, for I saw this done all along the route, though several sick persons had occupied the beds. The Nice route train, also, which goes direct to Rome from Calais, arrives in Rome at three o'clock and leaves again at five, there being but one train a week; there is not a change of cars at either end of the route. For a party of three, the coupe beds are better on the European railroads for night traveling, but as they cannot be transformed into ordinary seats, they are useless on long journeys, comprising several days and several nights.

Taking Care of New Dresses.

There is an old proverb that says a lady is always to be known by her boots and gloves. Quite as crucial a test is the faculty of taking good care of her costumes, and one that quite as distinctly marks the well-bred lady. Any one can buy an elegant wardrobe if she have money enough, but to take the requisite care to keep it fresh and dainty requires something more than a check-book. Of keeping nice dresses, a lady writes:

"Each dress should have its own wrap or cover to keep it from chafing or fading. Take fine, firm cotton cloth, something over a yard wide, cut it into squares, then hem and wash the squares. They should be fine, take no room and weigh little; firm, to keep away from dust; hemmed, that you may keep the same side next the silk, and washed, to do away with the bleaching chemicals, which are liable to change the color of the silk. Fold the bottom of the train back and forth in about eighteen or twenty-three inch folds so as to fit the box you have for it. The bottom now being all together you will cover it with a small cloth or towel to keep the dusty train from rubbing against the cleaner parts of the robe; roll the whole dress loosely to the size and shape of the box, lay it upon the white cloth and fold the corners of the same over the top of the package and place it in the box. Now loosen the roll and adjust it to its space so as to favor any delicate or easily crushed portion of the dress—as Medici collars, flower garniture, embroidery, etc.—relieving crowded places and distributing the thick to the thin spots. When you come to use the robe shake it out and you will find it in good condition. The fold of a dress or shawl will often work up between the trays of boxes and by motion of cars, wagons, etc., get chafed into holes. To avoid this, pin the cloth over it so it cannot jut over the box. To pack laces, fold them in blue tissue paper or soft linen, because white paper contains bleaching acids and discolors and decays the ribbon or lace. The same is true of white shoes and gloves, and especially of silver ornaments. The latter, though worn every evening, retain their purity and brilliancy for months if kept closely in blue tistue paper Shoes and slippers should never be folded together without a cloth or paper between them, as the sole of one soils the upper of the other. Put one in cloth, turn it over, and then add the other."

Old Public Functionaries.

Fifty years ago James Lawrenson of Maryland received an appointment to a $400 clerkship in the post office department, Washington. He celebrated the semi-centenial of his service by taking a half-holiday from his desk in the dead letter office and receiving the congratulations of his friends. He was a clerk at the post office in Baltimore for ten years before he came to Washington, so that he has been in the employment of the government for sixty years, and in age as well as length of service is the oldest of Uncle Sam's hired men. During nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Lawrenson acted in the capacity of correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*, and has the additional honor of being the oldest journalist in Washington. He is still in good health and able regularly to perform the duties of his office, although the discipline is a little relaxed in his favor.

William T. Barry was postmaster-general when Lawrenson came in, and Andrew Jackson was President. Before Barry's time the post office department was considered merely a bureau, as the agricultural department and government printing office are now, but Jackson invited him to a seat in the cabinet, in defiance of precedent, and against the protests of John C. Calhoun, who was secretary of state and a great stickler for etiquette. The only authority the postmaster general has for a seat in the executive chamber is Andrew Jackson's invitation to Barry. Seventy clerks did the post office department business in those days, and three men were assigned to the mail morgue. It requires over one hundred now to open, read, return, or destroy the dead letters that come in at the rate of two million a year.

Uncle Jimmy Marr, the venerable chief clerk of the first assistant postmaster-general, ante-dates Lawrenson's service by three years, having been appointed to a clerkship on the 20th of June, 1831. There are also several postmasters who hold commissions longer than his, although, including his service in the Baltimore post office, Lawrenson heads the list of veterans. Lindley Mure, the venerable old negro who sits at the mahogany door which leads to the beautiful office of the secretary of the navy, comes second, with a service of 56 years, having been appointed in 1828 by Samuel Southard; and the third on the list is the Hon. William Hunter, second assistant secretary of state. A clerkship was given to him by Martin Van Buren in 1820, and he has been promoted from time to time. He reached his present position under Johnson's administration, and Mr. Marr is the fourth on the list. There are a number of clerks in the departments who have seen forty, and some have seen forty-five years of service.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up his living temples.

No matter how unworthy a man may be, he should have our sympathy if he is suffering.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.

A great many people in this world praise goodness, and then do as they have a mind to.

Moderation may be considered as a tree, of which the root is contentment and the fruit repose.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

He that cares only for himself, has but few pleasures, and these are generally of the lowest order.

Doctrines are of use only as they are practiced; men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

The real wealth of a man is the number of thinge which he loves and blesses, and by which he is blessed.

If you hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth

Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-tending circle.

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can grow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it—nothing.

The man whose soul is in his work finds his best reward in the work itself. The joy of achievement is vastly beyond the joy of reward.

There collection of a deep and true affection is rather a devine nourishment for a soul to grow strong upon than a poison to destroy it.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

Consideration is the small coin of kindness and affability; it is current everywhere, with all, and always brings back a little friendship.

How abundant are the men and women who crave martyrdom in leadership! How few are willing to honor themselves in the loyalty of service!

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is more wise than one who mistakes superficial polish for real knowledge.

Never contradict anybody in general society. Rarely do it even at home. Nobody likes to be contradicted, even when cotradiction is deserved.

Examine your lives, weigh your motives, watch over your conduct, and you will not take long to learn or discover enough to make you entertain charitable opinions of others.

We should no more lament that we have grown old than the husbandman, when the bloom and fragrance of spring have passed away, should lament that summer or autumn has come.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.

Exclusive solitude and exclusive sociality are both injurious; and, with the exception of their order of precedence, nothing is so important as their interchange.

Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth and is hailed of all, so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it with your own desire, and, like the sun, you will be loved.

The most influential man, in a free country, at least, is the man who has the ability, as well as the courage, to speak what he thinks when occasion may require it.

The fortunate man, is he who, born poor, or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and having got them dies before he finds they were not worth so much trouble.

Exclusively dwelling upon ourselves, on our own virtues and failings and experiences, weakens our power of sympathy with others, while it increases our acuteness of sensibility as regards self.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversitiy, is delightful at home, unobstrusive abroad, deserts us not by day or by night, in journeying nor in retirement.

A great man under the shadow of defeat is taught how precious are the uses of adversity; and as an oak tree's roots are daily strengthened by its shadow, so all defeats in a good cause are but resting places on the road to victory at last.

Bacon says, "There is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that which a man giveth himself as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer, for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against the flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend."

The majority of people are ever ready to judge the conduct of their neighbors—in other words, to "cast the first stone." But we have no right to judge others until we know all the circumstances that influence their conduct. In many cases we might imitate those we condemn, under like circumstances, "Judge not, that ye be not judged!"

KEEP THY VIGIL.

Far away beyond the mountains
Mournfully her watch she keeps,
And against her throbbing bosom
Baby-boy serenely sleeps.
Ah, her heart is lone and heavy,
And his absence wounds her sore,
Yet her sorrow dare not whisper —
She shall never see him—
Never more!
Keep thy vigil, patient waiting,
Though it seem to thee in vain—
Where no night is found, nor weeping,
He will visit the again.
Silent is the night and lonely,
Hot the pestilential breath
Where beneath a canvas awning
He is fevered unto death.
Needs he now thy gentle pressure
Stealing o'er his bursting brow;
He had thought to meet thee clasping—
Hear his greeting to thee now,
To thee now—
"Keep thy vigil, little darling,
Through a few more years of pain,
And, when meeting knows no parting,
I will visit thee again."

ANDRA BENAIR.

"Auntie, I am going round the world!" was Ward Arlington's sudden and evidently startling announcement.

"Why, Ward, what has put that into your head, just as you have your new home finished? I thought we were to settle down and have a time of quiet after all this bustle of building and furnishing."

"Yes, I know; but I have thinking that our home lacked so many things that I could send home from foreign lands—bric-a-brac, sea shells—you know how I love the sea—besides, then I could say I collected them myself."

"But, Ward, why this sudden resolution? It seems so very strange. I thought you intended going into business."

"Well, auntie, I'm o'er young yet for life's trials. I would like to see a little more of the world before I settle down. I'm only 23." And the young man looked at his aunt with a sunny smile in his blue eyes. "At any rate, I have concluded to start by the next steamer. Don't be alarmed, Aunt Maggie," he went on reply to his aunt's anxious look. "I shall return safe and sound in a year or so; and, oh! the boxes that will come in for you on every steamer. And I want you to arrange them as only your good taste can do."

Ward Arlington was the orphan son of a banker, who had left his only son the undisputed heir of half a million of money. His Aunt Margaret had been to him a second mother, and they had always had their home in Cumberland.

Ward had just completed an elegant mansion, which stood about a mile from the outskirts of a pleasant village.

He was a merry, good natured fellow, whose fair hair and bright blue eyes many a dark belle envied; and had he know how many anxious mammas and lovely daughters had their thoughts upon him, he might not perhaps have been so ready to leave his native land.

It was but a few days before Ward Arlington was on his way across the ocean, outward bound for the city of Yeddo, in Japan.

Ward had ever been interested in conchology, and now that he had the opportunity, he visited every unheard of place in search of curiosities in shells.

From the Yellow Sea, from Ceylon and the Sooloo Island Aunt Margaret received specimens carefully labelled, until the home was a vast museum of shells and marine curiosities. Every variety of strombus and polythalamous shell, corals of all kinds, he had in his collection; but there was one variety which he had not yet secured; and two years later he was searching for it upon the Island of Cuba.

"Within a couple of months more I must be in England," mused Ward, half aloud, a habit which he had contracted in his solitary ramblings, as he took up his oars for a paddle along the shores of the island in search of a specimen of spirulidæ which had hitherto evaded his eye. "Then I suppose I must begin life in earnest."

And be sighed as he thought of the lonely hours he must spend in that large mansion with Aunt Margaret.

Rounding a point of rock, he came to a long stretch of white beach, while high above towered jagged rocks, upon whose summits innumerable sea birds had their home.

Without much difficulty he effected a landing, and with a long staff in his hands he poked among the debris and seaweed along the shore in search of his specimen.

"Aha! what is this?" he ejaculated, as he picked up a dainty hand-basket from the shore. "A woman's work-basket, as I live!" he went on. "Ah, here is her picture. How interesting! A Spanish beauty of the first water; and I declare here is her name—'Andra Benair,'" he read; then he replaced a parcel of fancy work and her picture. "It stands for reason she will be back soon for her property. I rather think I'll wait for her."

But he waited in vain; and as the twilight came he took the little basket with him to his hotel, where he sat down and wrote the following advertisement:

"Found—On the shore near Largo Point, a basket. The owner can have the property by inquiring for Ward Arlington and describing contents. Room 46 English Hotel. W. A."

This he sent to the Havana papers in both the English and Spanish languages. Then he waited with commendable patience for further developments.

"I hardly think she will come herself," he thought. "It will be some pompous old don who will call."

And then, with a view of ensnaring the stately parent into a friendship, he ordered half a dozen bottles of the best wine and a box of choicest cigars sent to his room.

But all the next day he had to himself, and the next day the beautiful Spanish face of "Andra Benair" was scarce away from his mental vision; and already in his fertile imagination, together they trod the hall of his English home. Then he laughed aloud at the hold this fancy had taken of him.

Just as the Southern Cross came out in the heavens, and the fireflies began to glow on the foliage beyond the open window, a low knock sounded upon the door of the room. Ward opened it quietly, and before him stood a tall, slim man of about his own age.

"Are you the gentleman who wrote this advertisement?" inquired the stranger, pointing to the paper in his hand.

"I am, sir, Please be seated."

"You must really excuse me, as I am in a hurry. I am Andra Benair."

"You?"

"Yes. Was there a portrait with the basket?"

"There was, with the name of 'Andra Benair' beneath it."

"Just so. That is my dead mother's picture, and I am named after her," Mr. Benair remarked, as he took the articles from Ward's hand.

After offering a remuneration for the trouble taken Mr. Benair politely bowed himself from the room.

"Well, that's a nice end to my romance," said Ward to himself. "So that was my Andra that I was building castles about! Ha! ha!"

* * * * * * *

Gayly the gulf steamer Seguna steamed forth from the Havana harbor, bound for England, and on the after deck stood Ward Arlington, on his way home after a two years' ramble. He was thoroughly disgusted with the end of his adventure, and he made his arrangements immedietely and started for home.

The sun set in a golden glory in the bosom of the waters, and the gulf was as calm as an infant's breath. The band began playing the invitation to the dance, and soon several couples were swaying back and forth as the enchanting strains of the "Manola Waltz" lured idlers into poetic motion.

Ward gazed indifferently among the dancers, and his eye fell upon a couple who were floating around the room in the old slow legate step. Surely he had seen that tall, slim man before who bent his head so gently toward his partner? It surely was the hero of Ward's episode, Mr. Andrey Bsnair. And this same Andrey Benair, revolving with slow, languid grace, held upon his arm the graceful figure of a woman whose Southern beauty outshone any type of loveliness that Ward had ever seen..

Just at this moment the dark, velvety eyes glanced up into his face with that nameless, indefinable fascination which it is the lot of some women to exercise. Ward stood there entranced, all his old carelessness gone, and all unconscious that the woman whose lightest breath was to lead him, and whose lightest wish to sway him, was before him in the softness of that summer night.

He gazed at the dancers until a jealousy arose in his heart which he could scarcely master as he saw, at a pause in the dance, the girl slip her arm through that of Benair, with the air of one who has the most perfect confidence in her companion.

He turned his back upon the dancers and made his way to the rail, and looked moodily over the dark waters of the gulf, lighted only by the star light of tropics.

"Weat an idiot I am!" he said to himself. "She is probably his wife."

The mate of the steamer paused by his side a moment, and Ward embracing the opportunity, questioned: "Do you know the name of that lady in the dark blue traveling dress?"

"That? O, that is Andra Benair."

Ward, exasperated that he had not made himself understood, but ashamed to qeustion further, tried another method.

"Is she married?"

"Oh, no," resumed the other, with a surprised look, as he resumed his duties.

Ward returned a bow of recognition from the unconscious Benair with a feeling of defiance, and retired to his stateroom.

The next day was one on which to do nothing, read nothing, think nothing —only to exist. The sky was one exquisite azure, and as the day went by Ward felt that the slow heaving of the steamer and the "flip-flaps" of the water were almost insupportable. He saw nothing of the lovely Spaniard, and when he met the polite Benair that evening in the gentlemen's cabin he only gave a little look of vexation and one quick contraction of the eyebrows as he returned his pleasant greeting.

"Mr. Phelps, the mate, tells me you are just completing a trip around the world," observed Mr. Benair politely.

"Yes," replied our hero. "That is I have followed paths not generally taken by the majority of the tourists."

"That is something I have never yet been able to do," who returned Benair, who seemed to be a pleasant, genial man,

One night the two were chatting together, when Phelps, the mate, said: "Gentlemen, I am afraid we shall have a thunder storm before morning. The sun did not go down to suit me, and this, ghastly, livid look upon the water is not the thing I like to see."

The atmosphere was sultry and heavy, and by 12 o'clock the sky was black and enshrouded in the deepest night. A monstrous cloud had scudded across the smiling sky, and no light of star or planet was visible, and ever and anon the thunder pealed and forked lightning zig-zagged amidst the darkness.

The steamer began to pitch heavily, and almost every moment a great fountain of spray enfolded her in a dense cloud of salt waser. The passengers huddled together in the cabins, and the sheet lightning showed faces as white as death and lips that trembled with fear.

Ward Arlington had been in several storms at sea, but never before had he seen such a commotion. He put on a heavy sea jacket and stole up the companionway. Many of the passengers were there before him, and he brushed heavily against Andrew Benair, with a white form lying against his breast, and his arms wound around her, before he was aware of their presence.

"Passengers you must go below," shouted the captain through his trumpet. "You shall be warned when there is danger."

The passengers fell back like frightened sheep, and it seemed when the hatches closed over their heads as if the sunlight would never more meet their eyes, and that they were shut in some subterraneous cavern of earth forever. Nervous women shrieked, strong men prayed aloud in the agony of fear, while some stood like frozen marble, stern, silent, expecting death at any moment.

At length there came a shock that threw them to their feet.

"She has struck!" shouted Benair, almost in Ward Arlington's ear.

A horrible, grinding, indescribable noise audible above even the roar and rattle of the raging storm.

"We are aground!" shouted the mate from the open hatchway. "The probability is that we can reach shore in the open boats. The less excitement the better; come on deck one at a time."

Ward followed Benair, with his half-fainting burden in his arms, to the deck.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" said the mate as he passed him tremblingly "We have mistaken the lights.

It was now 3 o'clock in the morning, and the storm was abating. The steamer lay half out of water near the English shore, and was creaking and straining in every timber. It was still dark, but a couple of boats were launched, and those who preferred it were allowed to depart. Andrey Benair and his companion, Ward Arlington, the captain, officers and crew, remained on board the Seguna.

The morning broke misty and gray and still the steamer had not gone to pieces. They were about three miles from shore, but faintly discernible through the mist. The water was of a reddish hue and thick and muddy, and acres of towering foam marked the dissolution of the lashing seas, as they thundered on the shore.

"We shall have help soon now," said Andrey Benair to Ward, who still kept close at his side.

The soft dark eyes of the lady looked inquiringly at the speaker.

"Andra, darling, allow me to present to you Mr. Arlington, the gentleman who found your basket with our mother's picture. My sister, Mr. Arlington."

Ward Arlington bowed low to the object of his adoration, albeit he was somewhat mystified at the similiarity of the names of brother and sister. His heart beat high with happiness, although they were still in danger, at the thought that Benair was only the brother of his beautiful companion. He made his way down the almost perpendicular companion-way to his stateroom, from which he emerged with a heavy waterproof cloak, which he offered to Miss Benair. It was received with a smile and glance which set his heart throbbing with joy in his bosom.

Andrey Benair was right; one of the boats had drifted in the way of the tug Tiger, who learning of the disaster, came to their relief, and before 9 o'clock they were safe in the cabin, leaving the unlucky Seguna to be rescued from her perilous position, or to be beaten to pieces by the furious waves.

Ward was despairing at the thought of parting with his companions. His heart ached as he shook hands with Andrey Benair on the pier, and lifted his hat to the fair creature whom he feared he should never see again.

The workmen on board the Tiger were unloading the trunks and other baggage of the passengers. Ward was walking near them when a heavy iron-bound truck struck him in the side, and he, exhausted and worn out by the night' vigil and excitement, fell upon the slippery pier, unconscious.

When next he regained his senses he felt the touch of a soft hand upon his brow, and the beauteous form of Andra Benair knelt by his side, bathing his forehead with cold water. His lips slowly moved at last, and he said, half unconsciously, "Andra, darling, is it you?"

"Hush!" said the young girl. "You are very ill. The surgeon has set your fractured limb; you are to be perfectly quiet. Rest assured you are among friends. My brother will be here directly."

He lay back perfectly quiet, and his eyes followed the beautiful girl, now doubly beautiful to him in her new capacity of nurse. He was surrounded by every appliance of luxury, and as the long days of pain, went by, in which his love grew stronger, he almost thanked Providence for the accident which had made him an invalid.

All the events of his voyage. of his whole life, of his home in Cumberland, he told the listening brother and sister during his hours of convalesance. And they in return told him of their Spanish mother, who had died at their birth, and who, when their father had bent his head to catch the last loving words, had murmured, "Name my baby after me." But instead of one there were two, and Mr. Benai regarding his wife's wish his sacred law, had called the little girl Andra after her mother, and the little boy with a slight change, was called Andrey. And now he too was gone, and the brother and sister were all in all to each other

They had a large property, partly in Cuba where they had been before undertaking the voyage which was so nearly fatal to them all.

"But the basket was your sister's was it not?" asked Ward.

"Yes," returned Andrey. "We had been strolling on the beach where you found it, and we left it by mistake. It contained our mother's picture, which we highly regard. Andra has one taste in common with yourself," he went on after a pause, "and that is her passion for shel's."

Ward glanced at the beautiful girl, whose dark eyes fell as a soft blush crept over her cheek, and the hope in his heart grew stronger. And when next they were alone there were a few words spoken which sealed forever the fate of two loving hearts.

And so it happened when Aunt Margaret welcomed home her wandering boy that he had two companions: one, Andrey Benair, a "friend and brother;" the other, Andra Arlington, the wife of his love, the star of his life.

—Great numbers of bats recently took possession of a church in Solano, Col., and so thick and aggressive did they become that the service was necessarily postponed. The deacon inaugurated a bat hunt and behind one of the window casings found and killed two hundred and forty-one of them.

—The orange crop of Florida this season is estimated at 60,000,000 oranges, netting the growers $1,200,000.

In the Barbe 's Chair.

"Will you have your hair cut medium or pretty short!" asked the barber.

"Pretty short," answered the customer. The barber then took up a nickel-plated instrument and ran it up the back of the customer's head with a clicking sound. "This is a 'clipper.'" he said. "I can shingle a man's head with this—cut the hair down close to the scalp, you know in three minutes. Before we had this tool I've been an hour doing the same job. Last year we had the contract for shearing the heads of the American District Telegraph boys The man who did the work clipped 150 heads in five hours. I've cut eighty heads in a day myself with only scissors. They were convicts. The clippers used to cost $5. Now we get them for $3.50. It takes about fifteen minutes to cut hair as I'm cutting yours, and about the same length of time to shave an ordinary face and dress the hair. Journeymen barbers own their own razors, but few of them know how to keep their razors in order. They send them to the grinders about once a week. The boss furnishes everything but the razors. Barbers are paid $5 to $13 a week. A week is six days and a half day Sunday. There is also one day off every other week. In some of the down-town shops barbers are given a commission on the work they do. Usually it is 50 cents out of every $1 they take at the chair and 10 to 20 per cent. on the sales of brushes, soap, etc. There are about 3,000 barber's shops in New York and there must be 10,000 barbers. Very few of the shops have more than ten workmen and not many have that number. There are fifteen or twenty agencies in New York exclusively for the employment of barbers. When a boss wants a man to whom he is willing to pay $10 a week he goes to an agent and gives him 50 cents and says he wants a No. 1 $10-man. The agents also get a fee from the workman. They make a good thing out of it. There must be 3,000 barbers discharged and employed every week."

"Hair is getting pretty thin in front, isn't it?" remarked the customer.

"Yes," said the barber," "but you needn't be fraid of that. Men seldom seldom begin on the front of the head to grow bald. The crown is the place where real baldness begins."

"What is the best hair restorer?"

"Scissors. If the hair is cut often it grow fart and the scalp will be healthy. Every man ought to have his hair trimmed at least once a month. He would not catch cold then every time his hair was cut, and it would keep the hair in good shape all the time. Is the back all right. There, sir, Please pay your check to the boss.

A Jersey Amazon.

The people of Tuckahoe, Dennisville, New Jersey, and the upper end of Cape May county have, for some time past, been startled at the wonderful exploits with a rifle of a mysterious Amazon named Jennie Moore, who lives in an isolated cabin in the pines, on the bay side, about four miles from Woodbine station, on the West Jersey road. The woman is about 30 years of age, of splendid physical development. She is married to a man named Jackson Moore, whose father lives at Vineland, and who ekes out a scant livelihood by chopping wood for the Millville glass factories. In November last the couple settled in their cabin, which is equipped in the true border style, half of it being under ground. It is stated that they came from Texas. The woman has a pretty little daughter, 12 years of age, who can sing like a nightingale. It is believed that the woman is a native of Brooklyn. She says that for several years she traveled with a show under the stage name of Jenny Franklin, giving exhibitions with her rifle. On several occasions the Amazon has astonished the natives of the towns in the vicinity with her skill. Some of her feats are remarkable. She can light a parlor match with a rifle ball, and part an apple on the William Tell style, resting on her husband's head. A favorite shot is to hit the apple, while in that position, by a shot with her back turned and taking aim in a looking-glass. Snuffing candles and clipping the ashes from a lighted cigar while being held between the teeth of a man are trifling matters to her. It is regarded as exceedingly strange that a woman of her refined tastes, culture, and amazing skill with a rifle, should bury herself in the wilds of Jersey and undergo the hardships of a wood-chopper's life. It is a common thing for her to take a tramp of miles through the widerness of that country with her rifle slung over her shoulder, The people of Dennisville with a few of whom she is acquainted, speak in glowing terms of her lady-like deportment and social accomplishments.

Care for Your Health.

Time is not ill-spent which is spent in recreation. You should, if possible, be out of doors, in the open air, under the sky, for at least three hours every day. You cannot have high health, good digestion, sound sleep and equal nerves unless you are often and regularly in the air and taking rapid exercise. The fine bloom on the cheek, the luster in the eye and the spring in the step which are tokens of unimpaired health are not to be had unless you spend many hours every week away from heated rooms and in the company of the air, the sunshine, and whatever else free and beneficent Nature has to bestow upon you. It is a duty to be in good health if possible, and probably half the nervous invalids in the world could escape much suffering if they would obey God's laws written in their bodies. When health has been bartered away in the pursuit of pleasure, or in reckless waste of any description. it cannot be regained unless at a great cost and at the price, it may be, of years of effort. Time can be utilized best by those who are well, and every young girl should *mean* to be well, cheery and strong if she can. To this end she should neglect nothing which God puts in her reach for the preservation of health, animation and vigor."

—Men from 21 to 65 years of age may frequently be seen playing marbles in the street of Angel's Camp, Cal.

The Louisiana Swamp.

There is a beauty, a charm, an enchanting serenity, and a delight in the Louisiana Swamp which the devotee to the city's flare and flush, the lover of rugged mountain fastenesses, or he who vaunts the graces of the unruffled prairie would scarce concede. Wild, level, gay as these, it is unlike them; yet none may say it is not beautiful, lovely, exquisite. Far from the rattle and racket of the great city, leagues beyond craggy mountain rage, remote from the wide stretch of prairie, and ignorant of the village church bell's sound, the Swamp's broad aisles and lengthy collonades invite the lover of nature to feast. There are gorgeousness and delicacy of coloring, grace and grandeur of form, intricacy and simplicity of texture and construction.

Walk under the over-spreading boughs of the forest centenarians, revel in the delicious fragrance of flowers without number, gaze. as you must, on their exhilerating hues and their soul-stirring completeness, and adore the Mighty One who formed and rejoices in them. No fetid morass lost among hills, not a mere splatch of liquid mud wherin ownerless swine befoul themselves, but broad as ever was prairie spread, seeming dallying with the blue firmament above as its glorious foliage climbs aloft, abundant in leafy coverts and resounding with the sweet carolings of countless birds—this is the Louisiana Swamp, the Venice of the wildwood, There the gladdened botanist, wandering afoot or floating in his tiny pirogue, through waving iris, discovers flora so sturdy, so rank, he, for a moment doubts its identity. There the delighted hunter comes upon wader and diver, brings down snipe and plover, hopefully follows the agile water-rail, or sends his whistling rifle-ball skipping on the glassy water into the neck of wary mallard and teal. Pushing further into the inner labyrinths where large game hides, he slowly lifts his stealthy foot from the wad of grass he bends down for a moment's footing and sliding along to another, brushing through nodding cat-tails, thrusting aside the rattling palmetto, and tearing away the heavy network of vines saucily catching him in their embrace.

Eye and ear alert, breath suppressed, rifle ready, heart bounding and limbs trembling, as he spies the crowning of the day's adventure; an elfish sunbeam dances on the polished muzzle-sight, there is a snap, a crack, a puff of blue smoke, a dash forward to firmer footing, and the prize is won. As the million echoes scamper away amid the cries of startled birds, the hunter turns and gazes on flower and vine and bush, so dense, rich, profuse, it seems that were the seeding ground for the forests of the universe. He has been so eager in his search, so intent on the discovery and pursuit of his game, he has not seen, till now, the maze of sprawling, clambering, tumbling verdure, everywhere around and over him. Violets cuddle on a lump of sod whence the water has retreated, while over them, like a protecting mother-bird, ferns spread their graceful wings. Just above, a mass of yellow jasmine holds a little knoll, waxen-white blossoms of magnolia-grandiflora peep between their leathery leaves like roguish eyes between chubby fingers, and all around giant cypresses look down as upon a joy they cannot comprehend, while trumpet flower and passion flower climb up, up, up, to the coveted perch of the great outstretched arms where, nestling in the soft gray moss, they pour forth wordless jubilates of purple and scarlet glory.

The Confiding Public.

Two or three weeks ago a pedestrian who was passing a house on Riopello street, Detroit, heard the sounds of a terrific struggle going on, and as he looked in at the front door a boy about 12 years of age, who sat in the hall, quietly observed:

"It's only the old folks having a little row, stranger"

"Do they have em' often?" asked the man.

"Almost every day."

"If I were in your place I'd stand at the door here and charge ten cents admission fee. It's worth the money to see a family riot like this, and you might as well make a few dollars as to let the chance slip.

The boy said he would think of it, and the pedestrian waited until the man had choked the woman as black as a plum and then passed on. Yesterday he chanced that way again, and there was another row going on, and the same boy sat on the door-step.

"I'll see the show," said the man as he pulled out his wallet. "Has my advice profited you?"

"Stranger, I can't take your money," replied the lad.

"Why?"

"Because I'm a square boy. For a week or so every fight in there was as square as a dice and worth the price of admission, but as soon as a crowd began to come and the gate money began to run up to eighty or ninety cents, dad and mam began to hippodrome on the public. That blood on his nose was put there half an hour ago, and mam's black eye is three weeks, old. They want me to stand in with them and deceive the public, but I can't do it. Let the best man win or quit the business, is my motto. Pass on, stranger, for this is a put up job to gull the confiding public."

Thinks He's Thinking.

A large and imposing Senator from a Western State was walking up and down the Senate Chamber behind the chairs. His hands met at the small of his back and one of them held the other. His step was stately and his head leaned forward a trifle. On his face was the far-away, abstracted expression which is usually interpreted to mean that the owner of it is in deep thought. On a sofa in the corner of the Senate Chamber sat a Senator from another western State talking to a friend. Pointing to the Senator who was pacing back and forth in full view of the galeries, the sitting Senator said to his friend: "There's a man who is laboring under a very strange hallucination."

"What is it?" inquired the startled friend.

"Why, he thinks he's thinking."

Saved by Wild Pigeons.

A flock of wild pigeons, flying very high, in a north-westerly direction, attracted the attention of the people of Morton, N. Y., recently, and the flock was watched with intense interest until it disappeared in the distance.

"Now that's what I call a genuine curiosity," said an old resident. "That's the first flock of pigeons I've seen in ten years in these parts, and yet I can remember when they came here in thousands every spring and fall. They used to nest in our woods in the spring, and came back again every other fall to feed on the beech nuts. They came every two years because they knew that the beech trees were barren every other year, and they never made a mistake in the year, either.

"If it hadn't been for wild pigeons some of the richest men in this county and neighboring counties would have been poor to-day—that is, if they had staid where they were. We used to have some big pigeon years, but the season of 1837 beat any two we ever had. Lumbering was the only business in this part of the county then, as that and tanning are now. The lumber was rafted down to the Delaware, and then to Philadelphia and other markets. In 1837 times were bad. That was the year of the great panic. Lumber couldn't be sold for what it cost to get it to the market, and for what was sold it was hard to get pay. To make matters worse, all crops failed in this region that season. The fall opened with prospects of starvation for the hundreds of people who depended for support on the lumber business. Employers had no money to pay workmen, and there was no way to obtain the necessaries of life.

"It happened that 1837 was the beech-nut year, and nobody remembered when the nuts had been so plenty in many years. That was the salvation of the region. People were beginning to talk in earnest of making raids upon the surrounning towns and villages to obtain supplies, the news of the bread riots in New York having reached here, and given them the cue. But before any act of this kind was committed the wild pigeons began to arrive in the beeches and in a very few days the woods were alive with them. To say that there were millions of them does not approach the number. Every tree seemed to be loaded, and the ground was littered with the branches broken off by their weight as they thronged in the trees at night to roost. The noise made by their wings and throats was so great that the report of a gun could not be heard 100 feet away. A person could go anywhere in the beeches, shut his eyes and shoot, and never fail to bring down pigeons. They were shot, clubbed, netted, and killed and captured in every known manner by men, women and children, and carried away by the boatload and sold about the country.

"There was a splendid rafting freshet in the Delaware at the time, but although there were many rafts ready to run, it isn't likely one would have started down the river if it hadn't been for the wild pigeons. Old raftsmen and others agreed to run these rafts to Philadelphia free of charge to the owners if they would grant them the privilege of loading the lumber with pigeons. Some of the rafts were stopped at different points along the river, where, hard as the times were, profitable markets were found for the birds. Others ran through to Philadelphia direct, where the pigeons were quickly sold at good prices. The freshet kept up so well that some speculators made several trips, clearing as high as $1,000 a trip. Before the pigeons left the beeches, which was not for weeks, more money was brought back to the region from their sale than was received for all the lumber that went to market. Men, who, with their families, had been on the verge of starvation, were made comparatively rich almost in a day, and the foundations of big fortunes were laid. One of the biggest grocery establishments and one of the wealthiest leather firms in New York city to-day, owe their existence to the big pigeon year of 1837, for the men who own them were started in business by their fathers, who made the money by rafting wild pigeons down the river that memorable fall.

"Speaking of beech nuts and speculation, another big year for nuts was 1820, and that year a man named Conroy went into a speculation that had quite a different result from the one in wild pigeons that followed. In those days people were in the habit of letting their piga run in the woods and fatten on the nuts. Conroy conceived the idea of fattening hogs in this way by wholesale, and then gathering them up and driving them to market. He calculated that he could easily make a profit of at least $5 on every hog thus fattened. He scoured the country and bought up at least a thousand pigs and turned them into the beeches. They got along finely; but a week or so before he intended to collect his hogs and drive them to market the weather turned terribly cold and a foot of snow fell. When he went into the woods to get his hogs he found them scattered about dead, in groups of a dozen or so, where they had huddled together to keep warm. A few only survived the cold, and they ran wild. Descendants of theirs lived in the woods for years, and were so wild that they afforded many exciting hunts for the sportsmen of that day."

—In the town of York, Maine, is to be seen a birch tree, about 40 feet high, two roots of which have lifted a block of granite computed to weigh 20 tons, about 12 inches. The tree is still growing, and the rock continues to be raised and pushed sideways at the rate of nearly an inch a year.

—A bean-eating tournament at Tonawanda, N. Y., under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, was won by J. Baker, of Tonawanda, who devoured six pounds of beans in forty minutes.

—A famous Irish piper, Patrick Bohan, who played before the Queen and the Prince Consort in 1861, and afterwards before the Prince of Wales, died recently in Dublin.

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FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.
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A SLAP AT ARTHUR.

Stinging Letter From MacVeagh to General Bristow.

Philadelphia, May 19.—The first protest against the re-nomination of President Arthur from a Republican headquarter comes from ex-Attorney General Brewster. Taking as a text the fact that Mr. Brewster is to address an Arthur meeting in New York to-night, he branches out into a review of the President's career as complete as it is scathing and severe. It is a most remarkable document, coming as it does from one of the ablest and best known of the Reform Republicans, and cannot help but make a decided impression upon those it is intended to influence:

THE LETTER.

An Associated Press dispatch gives the following synopsis of the letter:

"I notice that you are announced to address a meeting to-morrow night in New York in support of the proposition that the political career of Chester A. Arthur makes his elevation to the Presidency by the votes of his fellow citizens more desirable than that, for instance, of Senator Edmunds or Senator Sherman or any of our eminent public men whose names are frequently used in connection with that great office. As you extorted my administration and support and Mr. Arthur's contemptuous hostility eight years ago by your efforts to bring the guilty in high places to punishment, I am sorry to find myself differing so radically from you as to the present duty of men who care for a higher and purer public life. But my warm personal regard for you makes me desirous that your speech should be a good speech, even in a bad cause. I venture, therefore, to offer you a few suggestions. At the threshold I ought to warn you that while nobody envies Mr. Arthur that great prize, as far beyond his expectations as his deserts, which he drew "in the lottery of assassination," yet nobody has forgotten the pregnant fact that Guiteau was the original Arthur man; that he killed President Garfield expressly to make Mr. Arthur President, by that act for nearly four years. Now, in view of this awful tragedy and its results, it has always seemed to a good many people, outside Wall street, of course, that a proper sense of decency and the fitness of things would have led President Arthur and his friends to see that his true course was to be satisfied with one term, thus secured to him and not to challenge his countrymen to renew his political career and to express their opinion of it.

A MAN WHO PRAISED BRIBERY.

"As, however, you propose to hold up that career as worthy of special honor, and even of the highest office in the gift of the people, in perference, for example, to the political career of Senator Edmunds or Senator Sherman, I will help you to a few points in the line of your argument." MacVeagh then cites the building up and managing of the "machine" of the city of New York; the noble attitude Mr. Arthur maintained towards the civil cervice orders of President Hayes, defying both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, and refusing either to obey their orders or resign his office; to the third term; to his speech at the Dorsey banquet: "The first and last occasion in our history when one man publicly passed another for bribing voters;" to Mr. Arthur's part in the resignations of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt, and his conduct at Albany until summoned to Washington by the sound of Guiteau's pistol, and to the "mad riot of calumny and defamation of the dead Garfield, in which for many months the most intimate friends and associates of Mr. Arthur indulged." The remainder of the "points" are in the same line.

The Hartleton tannery, owned by Wm. H. Harter, was destroyed by fire on night of 21, between 10 and 11 p. m. The fire originated in the bark house between the bark-mill and engine. There was considerable stock in the tannery and nothing was saved. Loss is about $8000, on which there is an actual insurance of $3,866. The house, barn and other buildings of Mr. Harter were somewhat scorched by fire, but the exertions of neighbors saved them from burning.

TWO RAILROADS CONSOLIDATED.

Articles of merger and consolidation were filed at the state department between the Moshannon and Clearfield Railroad Company and the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad Company, the new corporation to be known as the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad Company. The consolidated capital is $1,500,000, of which the first named company put in one-third and the last named the remainder. The Tyrone and Clearfield line ran from Vail, Blair county, to Curwensville, Clearfield county, a distance of fifty-four miles; with twenty-six miles of branches. The Moshannon and Clearfield company's line ran from Osceola, through Centre and Clearfield counties, to Mederia, Clearfield county. The stock of the corporation is divided into 30,000 shares of $50 each.

A party of engineers are engaged in surveying for the railroad from Coalport, Clearfield county, to Cresson, Cambria county, which is said will open up the largest bituminous coal field in the state.

A Happy Thought.—Diamond Dyes are so perfect and so beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. 10c at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample cards, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c stamp.

The failures of the last seven days reported to Dun & Co. are: United States, 212; Canada, 20; total, 232, an increase of 23.

Doylestown, Pa., May 23.—Ex-Attorney General George Lear, who has been ill at his home in this borough for several months past, died this morning.

Not extensive advertising but genuine merit has placed McDonald's Improved Liver Pills at the head of the list. The most scrupulous and exacting care exercised in selection of material; the highest chemial skill employed in their mafacture, and sold on an honest gurantee. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray. tf

M. L. Blair, Alderman 5th Ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, '83: He had used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises and rheumatism. It cured every time.

HOME COMFORTS FOR FARMERS.

The comfort of the farmer's family should not be overlooked. Very old farm-houses, and those that are cheaply built for temporary use until a better can be afforded, are often most uncomfortable in severe weather. Windows and doors admit the external air more freely than is required for ventilation. Weather strips made of India rubber are very effective, but they are not to be had everywhere, and require more of an outlay than is always convenient. A little ingenuity will provide substitutes. For the windows, place small wedges between the upper and lower sashes, to prevent rattling, then paste on strips of brown paper to close all the cracks, using stiff flour paste, or that made from rye meal with a little alum added. It is well to leave one upper sash to be let down, as may be required for ventilation. Doors may be made tight by tacking tailor's listing or folded strips of woolen cloth along the sides and tops. The opening at the bottom of doors is usually the largest. For these, take pieces of small scantling, of the proper length, and cover with old carpet or other convenient fabric, stuffing the side which goes against the door with wool, cotton, or even with hay, to make a sort of cushion. While it is well enough to have the kitchen door open directly into the room in Summer, it is very uncomfortable for the inmates in Winter. If possible, a storm door, which can be closed before the kitchen door is opened, should be provided. This may be made in such a manner as to be taken away in warm weather and stored for future use. Sleeping rooms in farm-houses are usually cold. Those who suffer from cold feet should not be deterred from making themselves comfortable through fear of being thought "old womanish." If one cannot sleep on account of cold feet he should warm them. Bottles of hot water will answer, but are not as good as blocks of soap-stone. Blocks of hard wood that have no turpentine, if placed in the stove oven early in the evening, will be found excellent foot-warmers. In driving in the country in very cold weather, a foot-warmer of some kind will add greatly to the comfort of those making the journey.

RUINS OF ASSOS.

Some German papers gave an interesting account of the excavations which have been carried on at the site of Assos, one of the oldest cities of Asia Minor. It is mentioned in the Sallier papyrus among the auxiliaries of the Hitties, at Kadesh, on the Orontes, against Rhamses the Great, 1,400 years B. C. It was built on a steep hill, of volcanic origin, south of the Trojan plain, was well protected by its position from hostile attacks, and seems to have been inhabited by a purely Greek population far down into our era. Why it was abandoned we know not. It cannot have been because of its destruction, for most of its buildings are still well preserved; indeed, the best preserved specimens of profane Greek architecture are to be found here. Even the burial places are in excellent preservation. One hundred and twenty-four sarcophagi were found in one row, all undisturbed; some of them dated from the seventh century before our era, and some belonged to the eleventh century before our era, and some belonged to the eleventh century after Christ. Few objects of value were to be found in the tombs. All around the market place the buildings are in admirable condition. On one side is a pillared portico 110 metres long: on another is still to be seen the raised dais whence speakers harangued the public assembly; on a third side is the Bouleuterion, or council chamber, a handsome building. On the fourth side are the baths, the only Greek specimen of the kind. They are in four stories, each of the lower two having twenty-six bathing chambers, divided by a corridor. The water came from a vast cistern constructed under the market place. The upper story seems to have been transformed into a Heroon, where the ashes of renowned citizens were deposited, and ashes were found in some funeral urns there. All the buildings have been erected out of the stone of the mountain, which resembles fine granite, and they show a regular architectural development. The exploration has been carried out under the superintendence of some American archæologists.

MISDIRECTED MAIL MATTER.

People in general have but a faint conception of the enormous amount of misdirected mail matter which passes through the mails annually. In the Boston office last year there were 49,000 letters wrongly addressed, and in all these cases the proper addresses were ascertained and the letters forwarded to their destination, and yet the people wonder why their letters are delayed, although it is owing to their own carelessness. Of course the post-office officials are not responsible, but many people fail to see where the trouble lies. In further evidence of the want of care on the part of the public, it is stated that the number of letters sent to the dead letter office during the last year was nearly 4,500,000, or an average of 14,500 per day. These letters contained no less than $40,000 in cash and checks to the amount of $1,500,000.

Queen Victoria's well-known objection to making poor men peers gave way in the case of Lord Tennyson. His eldes son is a clerk in a public office.

—Druggist Murray reports a growing demand for McDonald's celeb rated Worm Powders.

How ARE YOU off for Dry Goods?
" " " Groceries?
" " " Boots & Shoes?
" " " Hats & Caps?
" " " Clothing?
" " " Queensware?
" " " Glassware?
" " " Woodware?

How ARE YOU off for Carpets?
" " " Trunks?
" " " Satchels?
" " " Hosiery?
" " " Gloves?
" " " Parasols?
" " " Muslins?
" " " Shirtings?
" " " Shirts?

How ARE YOU off for Collars & Cuffs?
" " " Neck-wear?
" " " Oil Cloths?
" " " Toweling?
" " " Handkerchiefs?
" " " Embroideries?
" " " Lace?
" " " Window shades

Do You Want No. 1 Goods at Low Prices? Go to VALENTINES STORE CO, LIM., Bellefonte Pa.,

☞HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR PRODUCE.☜
VALENTINES STORE CO. LIM.,
151 & 153 BUSH'S ARCADE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

—Musical students from ten counties and state of Connecticut are now attending the 24th session of the Musical College, at Freeburgh, Pa., under the care and management of F. C. Moyer, Director. Three eminent teachers are engaged having in use six pianos and seven organs; next session will begin July 29.

A PAYING INVESTMENT

At this season of the year when your cows fail in milk, your horses get rough in coat, your pigs refuse to thrive, and the hens don't lay as they should, you will find a package or two of McDonald's Celebrated Tonic and Blood Purifying Horse and Cattle Powder, judiciously administered, an investment that will pay big. This is positively the best horse and cattle powder made. J. D. Murray slels it. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. tf

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23apr8m

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed *strength, stiffness* and *solidity*, while the *written* guarantee of the manufacturers *warranting* each case to wear *twenty* years proves that it contains *all* the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from *actual results*, as *many* of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold.

DUBUQUE, IA., Dec. 14, 1880.

I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and know of its having been used before I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, and more.

O. McCRANEY, *Dep. Col. Int. Rev. 3d Dis. Iowa.*

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be Continued.)

New Store

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,
Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE.
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,
We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
COME AND SEE US.
All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

An Old Soldier's
EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PICNEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

New spring stock of woolens, for merchant tailoring, at the Bee Hive.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
7may5m Spring Mills, Pa.

I am now prepared to furnish my friends and the public in general with Groceries, Dry-Goods, Notions and all goods embraced in general Merchandise at lower prices than ever offered before in Centre Hall. I pay Cash and sell for Cash, and therefore claim I can do better for you than any one else is doing. Give me a trial.

PRODUCE WANTED.

SAW MILLS *supplied with Provisions at special rates.*

Very truly,
C. DINGES.

A New Enterprise.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the public that a new

MILLINER AND FANCY STORE

has been opened, (two doors below Dinges' store,) in CENTRE HALL, where you will find a full and endless variety of fine

FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, &c., &c, &c.

Feeling that a new, desirable and fine line of the above goods is what has been wanted in this community I have come to supply the want, and respectfully ask all to come and examine my goods.

NEW GOODS RECEIVED WEEKLY,

and each time you call will have something new to show you. Spring Goods now open in great variety, and more coming.

DRESS MAKING A SPECIALTY.
16ap2m S. AVILDA LONG.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,
SPRING MILLS, PA.
Dealer in
STOVES, TINWARE &
PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of
COOKING STOVES,
COAL STOVES,
& RANGES.
PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!
TINWARE
of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

PENNSYLVANIA
--State College--
Winter Term begins January 4, 1884.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Classical Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE: (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
6 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
7 A Classical and Scientific Preparatory Course.
8 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal.

For Catalogues, or other information, address
GEO W. ATHERTON, President,
1yup State College, Centre Co., Pa.

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, DRUGS
CHEMICALS
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

BOND VALENTINE,
Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission,
Insures First-class Life Companies.
" " Life and Accident Companies.
" " Fire Companies.
German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jany

A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

HARDWARE.
HARDWARE.
HARDWARE
—for—
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
—ARE SELLING—
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPERS,
REAPERS,
And all kinds of Farming Tools,
RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE BLOCKS
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.
—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.
JAS. HARRIS & CO.

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
☞Free Buss to and from all trains.☜
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

Steam
Bending Shops.
AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent hounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.
11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all stye

LARGEST CROPS OF
WHEAT,
CORN, GRASS, OATS, RYE, BUCKWHEAT, POTATOES, &c.,
—CAN BE RAISED BY USING—
BAUGH'S
Twenty-five Dollar Phosphate.

This is a real Ammoniated Bone Super-Phosphate, which we alone produce by means of special advantages in manufacturing. It is not an acid phosphate.

☞A Reliable and Cheap Crop Producer, made by a new process.

To show its popularity read the following:
Of the $25 Phosphate there were sold
During 1879, 1,287 Tons.
" 1880, 3,957 "
" 1881, 5,148 "
" 1882, 8,288 "
" 1883, 10,182 "
Apply to
BAUGH & SONS,
Sole Manufacturers of Baugh's $25 Ammoniated Bone Phosphate,
14 3t PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SPRING MILLS
Plaining Mill.

☞The place to buy your best☜
☞and cheapest Building Mate-☜
☞rial is of

Jas. S. Krape & Co.,
Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of
FLOORING,
GERMAN, &
SPLIT SIDING,
SURFACE BOARDS,
WINDOW SASHES,
SHUTTERS, BLINDS
&c., &c., &c.

Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.
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Great Reduction
AT SPRING MILLS,
.........in all kinds of.........
WINTER GOODS, &c., &c., &c.
such as
FLANNELS, OVERCOATS,
..........Clothing, Hats, Caps,..........
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DRESS GOODS,
Notions, Hosiery, Gloves, etc., etc.
......Also in Syrups, Sugars......
Teas, Coffees, etc.,
GLASS, CHINA & QUEENS WARE.
Also dealer in
—Grain, Coal and Plaster.—
13feb4m J. D. LONG,
Successor to Pealer & Long.

Consult Dr. BUTTS
Dr. La Barge,
SUCCESSOR TO

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhea, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

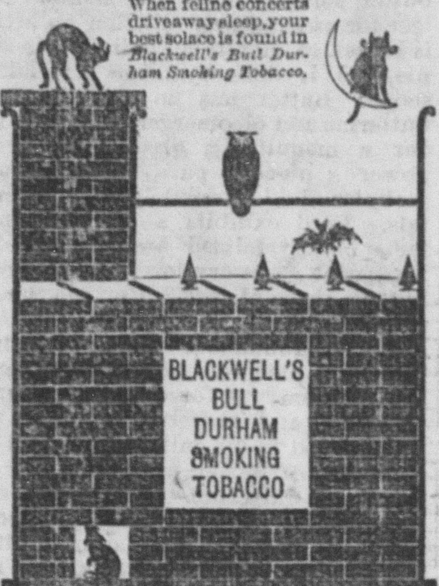
Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 920 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

THE COMPLETE HOME. Agents Wanted for this beautiful book. New edition.—New bindings.—New illustrations from new designs. Superbly gotten up. Same low price. Adapted to all classes. Sells at sight. Agents doing big work. EXCELLENT TERMS. The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & Co., 66 North 4th St. Philadelphia, Pa. Also other grand new books and Bibles.

Analysis by Dr. A. Voelcker, F. R. S., Consulting Chemist Royal Agricultural Society, England, shows only a trace of nitrates in Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco. The soil of the Golden Belt of North Carolina, in which this tobacco is grown, don't supply nitrates to the leaf. That is the secret of its delicious mildness. Nothing so pure and luxurious for smoking. Don't forget the brand. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull. All dealers have it.

When feline concerts driveaway sleep, your best solace is found in *Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.*



SANITARIUM. Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures. Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 260 pgs. Illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know, Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts, paper 25c, Marriage Guide, 144 p 15c, sent sealed, money or stps, by DR. WHITTIER 302 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist, Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¼-inch arbor, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.
Elmira, N. Y., Box 1427.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF
SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA.
DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS. FOR LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.
R. E. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

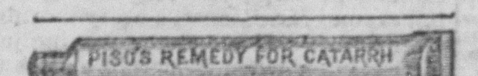
AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.



Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail.
E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa

HELP FOR Women AND MEN WHO ARE NERVOUS LACK VITAL ENERGY.

The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards.
Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.
AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS

1000 printed letter heads, at $2.

1000 envelopes, with printed business card, at $2.

These rates are only for Cash down, and in lots not less than 1000.

Home Items.

"All your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get Hop Bitters that never fail.—Fail.

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

Old men tottering around from rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness, will be almost new by using hop bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by using hop bitters and I recommend them to my peoply.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

Malarial fever, ague billiousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—Ed. Oswego Sun.

Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness,

Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters.

"At the change of life nothing equals
Hop bitters to allay all troubles incident
Thereto."

The best periodical for ladies to take monthly and from which they will receive the greatest benefits is hop bitters.

Mothers with sickly, fretful nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely * * * use of hop
Bitters will keep a whole family
In robust health a year at a little cost.

To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

That indigestion or stomach gas at night, preventing rest and sleep, will disappear by the use of hop bitters.

Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using hop bitters.

1,600 BUILDINGS BURNED.

Constantinople, May 19.—A great conflagration has taken place at Bei-Bazar, a small city in the province of Angora, Asia Minor. Nearly the entire town was consumed. Nine hundred and fifty dwellings, 544 warehouses and shops, 11 mosques, 15 schools, 9 khans and 146 other buildings were burned. Eleven persons perished in the flames.

The Pope rises at 6, and at 7 celebrates holy mass. At 8 he looks over his voluminous correspondence. At 11 he holds his public receptions. At 12½ he takes a walk in the garden, chatting with his favorite Cardinal. At 2 he dines, the repast consisting of one plate of meat and two plates of vegetables; he drinks Bordeaux wine by his doctor's orders. At 4½ he receives the secretaries of the various congregations, with whom he confers on church affairs. At 8 he reads the papers, home and foreign. At 8½ he tells his beads. At 10 he sups on an egg and soup, after which he retires to rest.

—The amount of ready-made clothing sold at the Bullad. Branch is truly astonishing. There never before was a store in the county that had such a trade. All this results from honest dealing, and giving customers the full worth of their money, and at much lower prices than elsewhere. The stock is always kept up full and complete in men and boys' clothing, and everything they need in the line of wearing apparel.

Bad drainage causes much sickness, bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedy.

FIFTH REGIMENT AFFAIRS.

Adjutant H. S. Hale, by order of Col. D. H. Hastings, of the Fifth regiment National Guard of Pennsylvania, announces the following appointments: George F. Harris, of Bellefonte, major and regimental sugeon; Andrew S. Stayer, of Roaring Spring, first lieutenant and assistant surgeon; N. F. Earenfeld, of Indiana, first lieutenant and assistant surgeon; Jacob A. Rohrer, of Hollidaysburg, first lieutenant and quartermaster; Charles M. Stock, of Bedford, captain and chaplain.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT.

Nature's great remedy, Kidney-Wort, has cured many obstinate cases of piles. This most distressing malady generally arises from constipation and a bad condition of the bowels. Kidney-Wort acts at the same time as a cathartic and a healing tonic, removes the cause, cures the disease and promotes a healthy state of the affected organs. James F. Moyer, carriage man'f'r, of Meyerstown, Pa., testifies to the great healing powers of Kidney-Wort, having been cured by it of a very bad case of piles which for years had refused to yield to any other remedy.

GENERAL BRISBIN'S RANCH.

General James S. Brisbin, in command of Fort Keough, Montana, is one of the best known men in that territory. He hails from Centre county, and has been in the west ever since the close of the civil war. Last fall he purchased from Major F. D. Pease a ranch of 1,200 acres, about eight miles south of Livingston. It takes six miles of wire fence to inclose three sides of the property, the river inclosing the fourth side. Within the limits of the wire fence sixteen springs of pure, cold limestone water rise and flow into the Yellowstone. There are eight little lakes on the place, with numerous parks of timber, and beautiful drives. Formerly Major Pease kept wild animals on the ranch, his herd of buffalo and elk being known all over the territory.

When James McManes, A. C. Roberts and party took their recent California trip they made an inspection of the place and were hospitably entertained by Gen. Brisbin, who, since that time has made numerous improvements on the ranch. This property, which is so beautifully located and so near the entrepot to the National park, has recently been converted into a land company, the title of which is the "Paradise Valley Land and Improvement Company," with a capital of $75,000. Half of the stock is held by the banking house of B. K. Jamison & Co., of Philadelphia, and the other half by General Brisbin. It is to be a close corporation, all the stock being retained by the parties in interest. Mr. Jamison is president, and General Brisbin manager. Improvements of a practical character have been begun.

There are now thirteen people on the ranch, all Pennsylvanians, who were recently sent out by directions of the General on an extensive dairy business. A creamery and a grist mill will be erected shortly, and, as another source of profit, the company will engage in the raising of blooded stock.

EARLY TELEGRAPHY.

In 1851 a branch or loop line was built from the main line to Westchester, a smart inland town near Philadelphia, which was hastily opened for business on the second Tuesday in October, in order to receive election returns. It was built at the expense of a few citizens who organized a company, of which Judge Butler was secretary, but who sold it in 1852 to Mr. Joseph Painter. While the line was being built a young lady named Miss Emma A. Hunter qualified herself to be an operator, and when the wires were brought to Westchester they were led into her room and she became manager of the office. She was to receive fifty dollars a year, but this was soon changed to twelve dollars a month, and at the close of the year a purse of $150 was presented to Miss Hunter as a token of respect and as a reward of fidelity. Instantly upon Miss Hunter's appointment the effect of the presence of a lady on the circuit of the line was felt—just as it always is when a true woman enters society. It stopped vulgarity. The influence of Miss Hunter's presence was healthful, and she remained manager for many years. She was a lady of superior ability and character and the first lady operator, at least west of the Hudson, appointed in the United States.

The next appointment of this character was Miss Ellen A. Laughton, an unusually quick and intelligent girl of fourteen years of age, to the management of the office at Dover, N. H., in March, 1852. She was taught by Frank Nelson, now cashier of a prominent bank in Bangor, Me.

AN ECCENTRIC FAMILY.

Says the Augusta (Me.) *Journal:* Twenty-three years ago there lived in Belgrade a large family, the father of which was a very eccentric individual. There were ten children. They lived in a large house, but one room of which was plastered. The head of the family daily dealt out in stated amounts the food required for the family. The wife was an invalid. Many of the children took peculiar eccentric turns. They nearly all had remarkable retentive memories. Several were entirely carried away with reading. One would sit for twenty-four hours at a time, neither eating nor sleeping, perusing history and sacred writings. Although appearing idiotic, he could talk intelligently on almost any subject. Another child was fascinated with literature of the dime-novel character. Three of the boys were drowned at once in a lake in Belgrade while gunning. One of the daughters, a puny girl, died, and her father procured a coffin for her of dimensions suitable for a man. One of the girls, now a woman past the prime of life, is in the insane asylum. One evening last week, an Augusta lady, who twenty years ago was five years of age and lived a neighbor to the above family, visited the asylum. While moving about among the female patients she was astonished to hear her name spoken by one of the unfortunates. "That is you——," said the patient; "I should have known you by your father." Thus this woman, broken in intellect and shattered in health, recognized the lady she had not seen in twenty years, and then only as a five-year-old girl. But two children of this large family now remain alive.

SUPERSTITIONS OF IRISH BRIDES.

Some of the superstitions about Irish brides are amusing. It is an ill omen to rise before the sun the marriage morning; to dream of the croaking of a raven, or to see the shadow of his wing flit by in the sunshine; or to hear the knock of an invisible hand, which, however, should be listened for; or to note a winding sheet in the candle. It is still more ominous to meet a red-haired woman on the 1st of May if the wedding is to be the following month, or to tread upon the poisonous beetle, whose death bodes fire or pestilence, or to speak with her lover before meeting him in church; and there are many other mysterious saws that are not very alarming because there are as many favorable omens on the other hand to counteract them.

AN OLD TOWN IN TEXAS.

The oldest town in Texas and, it is believed, in the United States, is Ysleta, situated on the Rio Grande and near El Paso, the chief town in the county of that name. It has a population of 2,500 souls. The place is one of peculiar interest alike from its age, its people, its agricultural and its general products. It is a well established historical fact that a Spanish military explorer named Corando visited the town in 1540 and found it then a popular and prosperous civilized Indian community. He was immediately followed by the Franciscan friars who erected a church and established schools.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of "Fire!" in the night, it should rouse us to instantaneous activity, and brace every muscle to its highest tenison.

Pay your honest debts before you subscribe to charitable undertakings. Honesty before charity.

Largest line of white goods in the county at the Bee Hive

—Don't forget the immense stock of mbroideries and laces at the Bee Hive.

SPRING WITHOUT BLOSSOM.

Late in Life to Look for Joy—Yet Never too Late to Mend.

Readers of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" will recall the pathos with which poor Clifford Pyncheon, who had been unjustly imprisoned since his early manhood, said, after his release "My life is gone, and where is my happiness? Oh! give me my happiness." But that could be done only in part, as beams of warm sunshine occasionally fell across the gloom of a New England autumn day.

In a letter to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., Mr. L. H. Titus, of Penington, N. J., says: "I have suffered untold misery from childhood from chronic diseases of the bowels and diarrhoea, accompanied by great pain. I sought relief at the hands of physicans of every school and used every patent and domestic remedy under the sun. I have at last found in PARKER'S TONIC a complete specific, preventive cure. As your invaluable medicine, which did for me what nothing else could do, is entitled to the credit of my getting back my happy days, I cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge the fact."

Mrs. E. S. Wells, who needs no introduction to the people of Jersey City, adds the following: "The testimonial of Mr. Titus is genuine and voluntary; only he does not adequately portray the suffering he has endured for many years. He is my brother-in-law and I know the case well. He is now perfectly free from all troubles, and enjoys health and life, ascribing it all to Parker's Tonic." 28may5t

In Beecher's church there is no ritual. There is no Christian symbol. There is bare, chilly nakedness as if the Lord's house had been stripped. Bare walls, ceilings, windows—woodwork almost rude in its plainness, not a concession to grace, beauty, art or religious association and suggestion.

Baldness may be avoided by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, which prevents the falling out of the hair, and stimulates it to renewed growth and luxuriance. It also restores faded or gray hair to its original color, and radically cures nearly every disease of the scalp.

His Slippery Glass Eye.

"The Squire," says the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "wore one glass and a wig. The glass eye was constantly slipping out of focus, and he wig turning around sidewise on his head whenever he addressed the people of Flat Creek District." Sad spectacle. Parker's Hair Balsam preserves and promotes the growth of the natural hair. It also restores the natural color to hair which has faded or become gray. Clean, elegant, beneficial, highly perfumed. 6t apr

Two second-hand buggies, one second-hand spring-wagon, and one new top buggy for sale, very cheap, by J. T. Lee, Centre Hall. 7m3t

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No. 317 & 319 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

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Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
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How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

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"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

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"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor*, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. Talmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently cured* me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it."
Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

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THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

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THE PASTILLE. Prof. Harris' Radical Cure. Trade Mark. For Spermatorrhoea and Impotency or ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN.

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"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months. I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1882.

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One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

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Swift
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PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER. HAS NO EQUAL.
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FOR SALE BY
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NOW IN USE—36,989.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S
BRAIN
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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

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The celebrated vegetable Blood Purifier. It immediately cures Headache, Constipation, Purifies the Skin. Mailed anywhere upon receipt of 25 cents. Unsurpassed for Children.
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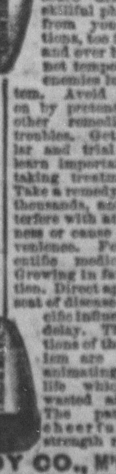

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HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One summer's day a farmer's boy
  Was hoeing out the corn.
And moodily had listened long
  To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
  And down he dropped his hoe,
But the good man shouted in his ear,
  "My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a hard one was the row,
  To use a plowman's phrase,
And the boy, as sailor's have it,
  Beginning now to "haze;"
"I can," he said, and manfully
  Again he seized his hoe;
And the good man smiled to see
  The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
  And learned the lesson well,
That perseverance to the end,
  At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man; resolve you can,
  And strike a vig'rous blow;
In life's wide field of varied toil,
  Always "hoe out your row,"

MR. CRAMTEXT'S NEW COAT.

It was the second ring of the door bell. Ellen, the "help," was busy getting breakfast, to which Mrs. Cramtext had gone down to give the finishing touches, so, putting aside my book, I went down to the door in person.

"The Rev. Mr. Cramtext, I presume," said a melancholy looking youth, raising a very high hat, swathed in a deep weed.

I bowed assentingly.

"May I have the favor of a few words with you?" he asked, pensively.

I was about to request him to say them at once, and, besides, to make them as few as possible; for, though Dorcas is a model minister's wife—the adjective, if it be one, is meant for the wife, and not the minister—she has her housewifely vanities as well as another, and they're quite as easily wounded, too; so I knew if I wanted the morning coffee sweetened with her smile, I musn't spoil it by keeping it waiting.

But the young man's manner was exceedingly sad, and his heart seemed too over-burdened to be unloaded in a moment; hence, at the risk of Dorcas's displeasure, I invited him into the study.

"What can I do for you, my young friend?" I inquired, inviting him first to be seated.

Depositing a neatly folded parcel on the floor, he took out his handkerchief and applied it to his eyes. For some seconds his frame shook with emotion. Then wiping his eyes hard, he recovered himself with an effort.

"My poor father—" he began.

Again the handkerchief went up and the voice went down.

"Calm yourself," I said, soothingly, adding the customary text in relation to 'our light afflictions, which are but for a moment."

"My poor father," he resumed, seemingly a little comforted, "died a week ago. His labors in the vineyard—"

"Was he in the wine business?" I interrupted, my temperance principles taking the alarm.

"He was a clergyman," replied the youth, reproachfully, "whose labors had so exhausted his health that his physician declared the only hope lay in a change of air, to obtain which he was traveling with me as his companion, when suddenly he grew so much worse that we were forced to stop, and in a brief space death put a period to a useful and blameless life, and deprived an unhappy son of the best of fathers.

"The money we had with us little more than sufficed to pay the medical bills and the funeral charges; and I am now thus far on my way to carry to my bereaved mother the sad tidings of our mutual loss, without the means of proceeding further.

"I have not come to solicit charity," he hastened to add. "I have in this parcel"—opening it, and unfolding a new broadcloth coat of ministerial regulation cut—"an article belonging to my late father which I would gladly dispose of even at a sacrifice; and it being suitable only for a clergyman I venture to offer it to you."

I happened to be in need of such a piece of apparel. Dorcas had been hinting for some time that my pastoral usefulness would be decidedly enhanced by a better coat, and by close pinching we had saved up nearly enough to supply the want.

Had I been in affluent circumstances, I should have cheerfully relieved the needs of a deceased brother clergyman's son gratuitously. But not being in a condition to warrant such liberality, the best I could do would be to accede to his proposal and purchase the proffered garment, provided the terms and fit suited.

Calling up Dorcas, I explained the case. The coat was tried on. It fitted beautifully in front. The straitest of our sect could find no fault with the straightness of the cut, and the single file of bombazine buttons, marshaled in close order down the right breast, looked a very phalanx of orthodoxy. Dorcas pronounced the rear view equally perfect. All it needed was a little "taking in" at the left armpit, which any competent person could do in ten minutes; and Deacon Dorrity, whose secular vocation was that of a tailor, calling in just then, fully corroborated Dorcas.

How much was the price, was the next question.

"I think father never wore it more than once," said the young man—"though it may have been twice. I'll call it twice, to be on the safe side. It cost twenty-five dollars; but, of course, having been worn *some*, there should be a reduction."

He hesitated. It was apparent he feared to name a price lest it should be too much. It was gratifying to witness such scrupulous adherence to rectitude under the sore temptation of want.

"Do you think twenty dollars would be fair?" I said, coming to his relief.

"It is more than I should have dared to ask," he replied; "but if you think it right, I shall be rejoiced to accept it."

On these terms the transaction was concluded to our mutual satisfaction. The sorrowing son was provided with means to continue his dutiful journey, and I had a coat, as good as new, at some saving of cost.

Ellen rang the breakfast bell, and Dorcas joined me in pressing the stranger and the deacon to join us at the table, but both declined on the ground that they had already breakfasted. And after much warm hand-shaking and a cordial exchange of blessings the former went his way.

I had been honored shortly before with an invitation to participate in a protracted meeting to be held about a hundred miles away under the auspices of an old college classmate. And now that I had a decent suit to my back Dorcas insisted on my going. She possessed a good deal of wifely ambition, and had set her heart on my speedy rise in the church to which she seemed to think the only thing requisite was a more widely diffused knowledge of my gifts.

Of course Dorcas had her way, and everything was got in readiness for the journey. I picked out my best sermon and touched it up a bit here and there, somewhat improving the rhetoric if not the doctrine. If it should only impress the hearers half as much as it did myself it couldn't fail of doing good.

I wanted to travel in my old coat, but Dorcas wouldn't listen to it. A clergyman's appearance, she insisted, should, at all times, comport with the dignity of his calling. I could wear my duster in the stage-coach, but I must be sure to remove it whenever I stopped.

Had I been going as a missionary to Timbuctoo Dorcas could scarcely have been in a greater fidget. I shall not risk incurring the charge of exaggeration by hazarding a conjecture as to the number of times she packed, unpacked and repacked my hand-trunk, or by divulging her views as to the number of night and day shirts, white ties and throat lozenges required for a week's ministerial campaign. How to get such an unlimited quantity into a limited space was a problem solvable only by feminine ingenuity.

I confess to a feeling of relief when the hour came to kiss Dorcas good-by and take my place in the coach.

Half an hour had elapsed, and I had just gotten comfortably settled down in a corner of the back seat, when all of a sudden I started from the reverie into which I was being gently jolted.

Wasn't I like the man who went shooting and forgot his gun? Hadn't I left my sermon behind? I remembered laying it out before starting, but recollected nothing further. I began a hurried search, and couldn't help an exclamation of relief as my hand encountered the precious document in my inside breast pocket.

The journey was without incident till the last day, which was Saturday, when suddenly we collapsed a wheel. Fortunately the accident occurred at the entrance of a populous village, where the passengers could be made comfortable pending the repairs.

A wheelwright was sent for, who, after a careful diagnosis, declared that it would take at least half a day to get the vehicle on its legs. I must either, then, remain where I was till Monday, or continue my journey on the Sabbath, which was against my principles. I had recently made the sin of Sunday traveling the subject of a set discourse, and felt obliged to practice my own teachings as well for consistency's as for conscience's sake.

I was inwardly deploring the necessity of spending the coming Sabbath in the promiscuous society of a village tavern, when a grand looking gentleman accosted me:

"I presume by your garb," he said, "that you are a clergyman, and being of that calling myself, and conjecturing your aversion to proceeding on a journey under circumstances which may carry it into the Sabbath, permit me to tender you the hospitality of my roof till Monday."

I thankfully accepted the offer; and shortly after myself and hand-trunk were snugly bestowed in Brother and Sister Gushinggood's best room.

Though an entire stranger to both, I could scarcely have been more hospitably received had I enjoyed their intimacy for years. In the course of the evening Brother Gushinggood and I discovered that our views completely harmonized on certain important questions then actively mooted; and before the hour of retiring he pressingly invited me to occupy his pulpit on the morrow. I saw no strong reason to decline; for though I had brought but a single sermon with me, and should be obliged to repeat it at the protracted meeting, the two places were sufficiently distant to insure that the audiences would be wholly different.

Before lying down I took out the sermon to run it over, as was my custom of a Saturday night. Every brother knows that to read a sermon creditably, one can not be too familiar with it.

At the first glance I started with surprise. It wasn't my sermon at all! I must have forgotten the latter as I had feared, and this must be one of the dead minister's left in his coat pocket.

I glanced it over and found it a well-compacted discourse on a popular topic. Why not use it? It was an excellent production and might do great good, of which the world was not to be deprived merely because the author was dead. Besides it had fallen into my hands as a sort of Providential treasure-trove, in which I felt I possessed at least a usufructuary title.

But I must hurry on to the point at which I rose in Mr. Gushinggood's pulpit next morning with the newly discovered sermon carefully smoothed out and neatly deposited between the Old and New Testament in the big Bible on the reading desk.

I began in my best manner. By repeated perusals I had so familiarized myself with the manuscript that, with the aid of an occasional prompting glance, I was able to clothe the words with the freshness of apparently extemporaneous delivery.

The opening sentences were received with respectful attention; but pretty soon queer looks began to be exchanged, and one sedate-looking gentleman actually winked at another at the close of one of the best-rounded periods. The most pathetic passages, instead of eliciting tears, excited smiles; and the peroration, which was highly pathetic, was received with a broad grin, and more than one dainty hankerchief was raised, not to choke back a sob, but to stifle a titter.

I sat down indignant, and left Brother Gushinggood to continue the exercises. He did so with a brief prayer, decidedly wanting in unction, from which the usual complimentary allusion to "the excellent discourse to which we have been privileged to listen," was studiously omitted.

Before the giving out of the final hymn I expected to hear the customary announcement of a collection to be taken up "for the benefit of the brother who has just addressed us." On the contrary, *this* was what Brother Gushinggood said:

"Not long since, when I had occasion to make a visit to a distant town, the house at which I stopped was robbed. Among other articles taken was a coat of mine with a sermon in the pocket. To that sermon we have just listened; and I observed you all recognized it, for it is not long since I preached it here myself. The stolen garment is on that man's back. I identify it as fully as I do the discourse which he has just had the effrontery to deliver. I believe he is an imposter and a thief, who has assumed his present character for the purpose of victimizing the unsuspecting portion of the religious community. You will now receive the benediction, and at the conclusion Constable Haler will please step this way."

Which Constable Haler very promptly did; and it was in *his* company, followed by the body of the congregation, that I left the church.

As the procession passed along the street we met the Sunday coach coming in. Through one of the windows I caught a glimpse of Deacon Dorrity. Ordinarily I should have felt inclined to read him a homily on the wickedness of traveling on the Sabbath. As it was, my joy at seeing him knew no bounds.

"How are you, Mr. Cramtext? I hardly expected to overtake you here," said the deacon, catching sight of me as he alighted.

In a few hurried, excited words I explained my plight. He heard them, I thought, with unbecoming levity, for it was some time before he could speak for laughing.

"Well, *well*, what a joke!" he exclaimed.

I confess I didn't see it.

"But here comes Brother Gushinggood," continued the deacon, as my late host made his appearance.

The deacon and he proved to be old friends; and the former, as the reader will recollect, having been present when I bought the coat, of course the whole matter was quickly cleared up.

Dorcas, learning that the deacon was coming that way, and would pass through the town where the protracted meeting was held, had charged him with the delivery of the forgotten sermon, which, at the instance of Brother Gushinggood, who insisted on my continuing his guest, and wearing his coat till my return home, I delivered in his church that evening to an appreciative auditory, and had my feelings further soothed by a liberal collection.

I never made another venture in posthumous coats or dead men's sermons.

Repairs for the Universe.

"A new industry to give labor to the toiling masses," said a gentleman yesterday. "It is a company established on the plan of like institutions in Berlin and Paris, and has for its object the mending of socks."

The listener started away.

"Don't go. It's a fact. See, here is a circular from the company. They do not confine their attention to socks. Stockings, underwear for ladies and gentlemen, clothing of all kinds, for every age and for both sexes will be mended."

"Why not add umbrellas and silk hats?"

"They have done so. Silk hats are not a circumstance. Broken china and strained bedsteads are not neglected. It is simply a company that manufactures nothing and repairs everything."

"Suppose the furniture mechanic should upset his glue pot on the sealskin sacque which his neighbor was sewing on. You can't repair everything in one shop?"

"That's where you are not informed. The company are just starting. Their present specialty is clothing. They call at any address on receipt of a card and get the socks or other articles, take them to headquarters, mend them, and return them with a bill. They will call for any dish or article of furniture and return it mended in like manner. But they have not yet got so large a factory that they can do so varied a business. They have no factory at all, only rented rooms. But they have arranged with boot makers, fur makers, dress makers, cement makers, furniture makers, hat makers, and makers of about every articles of household utility who will do the work. The company looks after the repairs and guarantees the work, saving the owner all the trouble and sometimes much expense?"

"Suppose a man splits a dress coat?"

"They will handle the job, bringing it to him so neatly darned that he will not know where the darned slit is, and all for thirty cents a square inch of darning. That's a sample of their prices."

"But if they farm out the work why should a man not take his own work to a tailor?"

"Because he hasn't the time. He can get the work done by the company at the same price, and save all trouble except that of writing a letter and paying the bill."

Celluloid, when used as a substitute for wood in the production of large printing type, is found to be much preferable to wood. It has a fine surface, possesses great durability, can be readily worked, is light and can stand all the rough usage of the job press.

In Double Danger.

I've had many a queer voyage in my time (said Capt. M.——), but the queerest I ever had was one that I made (somewhat unexpectedly, as you will see) upon the Great Fish river, in South Africa, on my way back from a hunting excursion.

As I neared the bank I saw that the river was in full flood, more than twice its usual breadth, and running like a mill-race. I knew at once that I should have a very tough job to get across—for a flooded African river is no joke, I can tell you. But I knew also that my wife would be terribly anxious if I didn't come back on the day that I had fixed—South Africa being a place where a good many things may happen to a man—and so I determined to chance it.

Just at the water's edge I found an old bushman that I knew well, who had a boat of his own, so I hailed him at once.

"Well, Kaloomi, what will you take to put me across the river?"

"No go fifty dollars this time baas" (master), said the old fellow, in his half-Dutch, half-English jargon. "Boat no get 'cross to-day; water groed (great)!"

And never a bit could I persuade him, although I offered him money enough to make any ordinary bushman jump head first down a precipice. Money was good, he said, but it would be no use to him when he was drowned; and, in short, he wouldn't budge.

"Well, if you won't put me across," said I at last, "lend me your boat, and I'll just do the job for myself; I can't very well take my horse with me, so I'll just leave him here in pledge that I'll pay for the boat when I come back."

"Keep horse for you, master, quite willing; but 'spose you try to cross to-day you never come back to ask for him."

He spoke so positive that, though I'm not easily frightened, I certainly did feel rather uncomfortable. However, when you've got to do a thing of that sort, the less you think of it the better, so I jumped into the boat and shoved off.

I had hardly got clear of the shore when I found that the old fellow was right, for the boat shot down the stream like an arrow. I saw in a moment that there was no hope of paddling her across, and that all I could do was just to keep her head straight. But I hadn't the chance of doing even that very long, for just then a big tree came driving along, and hitting my boat full on the quarter, smashed her like an egg-shell. I had just time to clutch the projecting roots and whisk myself up on to them, and then tree and I went away down stream together at I don't know how many miles an hour.

At first I was so rejoiced at escaping just when all seemed over with me, that I didn't think much of what was to come next; but before long I got something to think of with a vengeance. The tree, as I've said, was a large one, and the branch end (the opposite one to where I sat) was all one mass of green leaves. All at once, just as I was shifting myself to a safer place among the roots, the leaves suddenly parted, and out peeped the great yellow head and fierce eyes of an enormous lion!

I don't think I ever got such a fright in my life. My gun had gone to the bottom along with the boat, and the only weapon I had left was a short hunting-knife, which against such a beast as that would be no more than a bodkin. I fairly gave myself up for lost, making sure that in another moment he'd spring forward and tear me to bits.

But whether it was that he had already gorged himself with prey, or whether (as I suspect) he was really frightened at finding himself in such a scrape, he showed no disposition to attack me, so long, at least, as I remained still. The instant I made any movement whatever, he would begin roaring and lashing his tail, as if he would fall on me at once. So, to avoid provoking him, I was forced to remain stock-still, although sitting so long in one position cramped me dreadfully.

There we sat, Mr. Lion and I, staring at each other with all our might—a very picturesque group, no doubt, if there had been anybody there to see it. Down, down the stream we went, the banks seeming to race past us as if we were going by train, while all around broken timber, wagon-wheels, trees, bushes and the carcasses of drowned horses and cattle went whirling past us upon the thick, brown water.

All at once I noticed that the lion seemed to be getting strangely restless, and turning his great head from side to side in a nervous kind of way, as if he saw or heard something he didn't like. At first I couldn't imagine what on earth was the matter with him, but presently I caught a sound which scared me much worse than it had done the lion. Far in the distance I could hear a dull, booming roar, which I had heard too often not to recognize at once; we were nearing a waterfall!

I had seen the great falls of the Fish river more than once, and the bare thought of being carried over those tremendous precipices made my very blood run cold. Yet being devoured by a lion would hardly be much of an improvement, and as I hadn't the ghost of a chance of being able to swim ashore, there really seemed to be no other alternative.

Faster and faster we went—louder and louder grew the roar of the cataract; the lion seemed to have given himself up for lost, and crouched down among the leaves, only uttering a low, moaning whine now and then. I was fairly at my wits' end what to do, when all of a sudden I caught sight of something that gave me a gleam of hope.

A little way ahead of us the river narrowed suddenly, and a rocky headland thrust itself out a good way into the stream. On one of the lowest points of it grew a thick clump of trees, whose boughs overhung the water; and it struck me that if we only passed near enough, I might manage to catch hold of one of the branches, and swing myself up on to the rock.

No sooner said than done. I started up, hardly caring whether the lion attacked me or not, and planted myself on one of the biggest roots, where I could take a good spring when the time came. I knew this would be my last chance, for by this time we were so near the precipice that I could see quite plainly, a little way ahead, the great cloud of spray and vapor that hovered over the waterfall. Even at the best it was a desperate venture, and I can tell you that I felt my heart beginning to thump like a sledge-hammer as we came closer and closer to the point, and I thought what would happen if I missed my leap.

Just as we neared it, it happened by the special mercy of God that our tree struck against something and turned fairly crosswise to the current, the end with the lion on it swinging out into midstream, while my end was driven close to the rock on which the clump of trees grew.

Now or never! I made one spring (I don't think I ever made such another before or since) and just clutched the lowest bough; and as I dragged myself on to it I heard the last roar of the doomed lion mingled with the thunder of the waterfall as he vanished into the cloud of mist that overhung the precipice.

As for me, it was late enough that night before I got home, and I found my poor wife in a fine fright about me; so I thought it just as well, on the whole, to keep my adventure to myself, and it wasn't until nearly a year later that she heard a word about my strange fellow-voyager.

Popular Phrases.

Assassin—This word is derived from a military and religious order formed in Persia by Hassen ben Sabah, about the middle of the eleventh century, and called "Assassins," from their immoderate use of Hashish, or Indian hemp, used as a stimulant in Eastern countries. They are said to have nerved themselves for their horrible work by the excitement of Hashish; so that an assassin, strictly, is not a secret murderer, but a drunken maniac.

Furlough—Leave of absence granted to a soldier. The word, in various forms, is common to all the Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects. In the Dutch it is verlof, in Danish forlof, and in German verlauben.

Gammon—From the Anglo-Saxon gamian, meaning to make sport of. In this country the word is usually adopted in the sense of "chaff," "windy" utterances, extravagant assertions, nonsense, as "It's all gammon."

Horse-Power—The allusion of this term is obvious. "Horse-power" bears among engineers three very different meanings, being, however, generally qualified by the adjectives nominal, indirect or actual, each of which refers to certain special data upon which the estimate of power is based. Nominal horse-power is generally estimated from the diameter of the cylinder, the length of the stroke, multiplied by a certain standard and velocity of piston and pressure of steam.

As each engineer decides for himself what his pressure and velocity shall be, the standard varies with different makers, and, for all practical purposes, a statement of the diameter of cylinder and length of stroke would convey a far clearer idea than any mere expression of nominal horse-power.

Money—This word is from the French monnaie, which is derived from the Latin moneta, a surname of the temple of Juno at Rome, where money was coined. Mint is from the same source. Money originally meant only stamped coin, but was formerly applied, as at present, to what represented coin, such as bank notes, etc.

Wife—This word comes from weave, weft and woof, because it was thought to be necessary for a married woman to spend a great deal of time in weaving cloth for the use of her family.

Hic Jacet—A Latin phrase often seen on tombs. Its meaning is, "here lies," or "here he lies."

More the Merrier—This phrase is found in Heywood's "Proverbs," Cascoigne's "Posies," and a play entitled "The Scornful Lady," by Beaumont and Fletcher."

Hors de Combat—A French phrase, signifying completely disabled, incapable of further resistance in a contest or fight. It is pronounced hors de com ba.

In Time of Peace Prepare for War—Washington, in his speech to both houses of Congress, delivered January 8, 1790, said: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." Washington borrowed the idea from Fox, Bishop of Herefold, who said to Henry VIII.: "The surest way to peace is a constant preparation for war." The Romans had the axiom, Si vis pacem, para bellum. It was said of Edgar, surnamed "The Peaceful" king of England, that he preserved peace in those turbulent times "by being always prepared for war." Edgar reigned from 959 to 975.

Forestry in Europe.

The cultivation of forests has long been systematically pursued in France, Spain and Switzerland. The governments of these countries have expended immense sums of money in the Alps, Pyrenees and Ardennes, where only the hardiest and cheapest trees can be grown. The planting of the low-lying lands near the Garonne has added £40,000,000 to the wealth of France, and a tract of country once unhealthy and almost barren has in thirty years become populous, prosperous and active. The English government is seriously considering the cultivation of forests in Ireland. Mr. Howitz, of Copenhagen, one of the highest authorities on this subject, has visited Ireland and studied its adaptibility to forest cultivation, and pronounces it one of the most favorable countries in the world for the growth of timber.

Webster's Forebodings.

Mr. Webster had forebodings concerning the termination of his life. When in New York on his way to a visit at Marshfield, from which he never returned, he seemed fully sensible of the ravages which time and disease were making upon his system, though, as was his wont, he talked about himself less than upon any other topic. But just as he was taking his leave a close and cherished friend, who stood at the carriage door, asked him when they should have the pleasure of seeing him here again. With a slow and measured emphasis, and a solemnity which evinced the depth of conviction from which he spoke, Mr. Webster answered, "Never, never!" His friend tried to make a cheerful reply, and expressed the confident hope that a month of repose at Marshfield would restore him to his accustomed vigor. Mr. Webster shook his head sadly, but made no reply.

—Cable Dickinson, an eccentric of Hartfield, Mass., who died recently, left a will giving $100,000 to founding a hospital for the indigent sick of Hartfield, Whately and Nothampton.

Bogus Butter.

Butter is fast becoming a thing of the past. The hue and cry against oleomargarine and butterine is such in Washington that the district chemist has been busy in testing the quality of butter sold by local merchants. The test for ascertaining whether an article is butter or merely an imitation is simple, and is done by means of a microscope. Butter has no crystals; lard, butterine and oleomargerine have. Under a magnifying glass of sufficient power a piece of pure butter shows a globular field absolutely without crystals. Lard exhibits a beautiful spectacle of crystalized forms, and oleomargarine gives crystals differing greatly from those of lard. Prof. de Smedt, the district chemist, out of thirteen samples, pronounced ten to be butter. Three samples were pronounced bogus. One of them was found to be a mixture of butter and butterine, another was pronounced to be mill butter, and was composed of butter and lard, and the third was butterine. Mill butter, as it is called, is made of cream collected from the various small farms in different localities and mixed together. This mixture can be detected by the various colors to be seen in large quantities of it; and butterine is made of lard and butter, deodorized with a patent acid. These and similar grades of butter are bought very cheap and the dealers make considerable profit from their sale. Out of another test of seven lots but two proved to be genuine butter. The other five lots proved to be butterine and oleomargarine. One sample was marked pure creamery butter, retailed at 45 cents per pound, which proved to be fine butterine. Some of the others sold for genuine butter proved to be a bad quality of oleomargarine. Butterine is lard melted then cooled quickly; it is afterwards thrown into a filter, and that part of the oleine that will filter through is mixed with a small quantity of margarine, and then taken and mixed with butter. This mixture constitutes butterine; sometimes it is deodorized by an acid which is dangerous, and, if taken in large quantities, is fatal. Margarine is one of the constituents of lard. Lard retails in Washington for 12½ to 14 cents a pound. Butter from 35 cents to 50 cents a pound. To sell lard for butter and get butter prices for it is reaping a large profit. The action of heat on lard makes it injurious for eating. In another test of Prof. de Smedt fifty-three samples were sent by thirty firms, and only twenty-one of these samples were butter, most of the stuff being butterine. More than three-fifths of the samples designated as butter were a compound, cheaply made and injurious to health, and not butter at all.

Spot's Care for Shep.

Just before the May thaw in Colorado, Mark Sampson lost his dog Shep. Shep was last seen playing with Sampson's other dog Spot on the crust on Bennett's hill. Spot came home, but then Shep could not be found. Mark made inquiry of every man and boy he met, but could hear nothing of the lost dog. Mark would rather have lost a cow. He traveled three days on snow shoes, but could not hear a word from Shep. One night, coming home late, hungry and tired, after hours of unsuccessful searching, he threw himself on the bed, and during the sleep that followed Mark dreamed the dog was in V. P. Bennett's old abandoned well. He dreamed the same dream twice.

Mark had no faith in dreams, but to please his wife he went and looked down in the well. In the blackness he could see two stars. The well was thirty feet deep and dry. He spoke to the dog, and he could see the two stars moving round. He could hear no voice, but he knew the two stars in the bottom of the well were Shep's two eyes. Then Mark cried, "Dog in the well!" three times. Mark is not low-spoken in common conversation, and when he yells he makes the woods and hills shake. In less than three minutes a steady stream of boys was seen going up Bennett's Hill. A line was brought, and George Russell lowered into the well. When George reached the bottom he found Shep tickled almost to death to see him. He had been in the well four days and nights. He wasn't hungry, but was awfully dry. His hunger had been stayed in this remarkable manner:

While he was laying at the bottom of the old empty well, Spot was hanging around Mr. Bennett's every morning after breakfast and every evening just after supper, when he would always be thrown a liberal amount of food. In the bottom of the well the boy who went down in the bucket was surprised to find a considerable number of bones, and a piece or two of well-preserved meat, which seemingly had been left over from Spot's last meal. The path leading to the well, which Spot had made, completes the story. He had substantially remembered his companion who had the misfortune to fall into the well.

Fractional Currency.

What has become of all the fractional currency? In 1863 something over $20,000,000 was issued, and the amount outstanding was increased about $5,000,000 a year, until in 1874 the highest aggregate was reached, and the books of the Treasury showed nearly $46,000,009 in circulation. The redemption was then begun, and has continued until the present time; but since 1879 the amount outstanding has remained almost stationary, with a balance of $7,010,000 in favor of the Government at the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1883. During nine months of the present fiscal year only $16,000 has been offered for redemption, leaving outstanding $6,984,000, the greater quantity of which is either lost or destroyed, or in the hands of curiosity-collectors. Some of it is hanging in frames in the offices of bankers, and coin and postage-stamp dealers furnish it to customers at a premium of about 200 per cent. The Government will probably be the gainer by this scheme of Secretary Chase, to the amount of $6,500,000, as the Treasury officials do not believe that much more will be sent in for redemption. Clean pieces are never received now-a-days, and that which comes in is so ragged and soiled as to be worthless as a curiosity.

Layer Cake.—Beat four eggs very light, then add a cream made by beating two cups and a half of sugar and one full cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, a large pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, stirred in with two cups and a half of flour; divide the dough thus made in three parts; to one part add half a cup of raisins, stoned and chopped, and half a cup of currents; grate half a teaspoonful of nutmeg and mix with half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. This is for one layer of the cake. To the next part add two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and a teaspoonful of vanilla. The one light-colored layer should be flavored with lemon. When baked put the chocolate layer on the bottom, the one with fruit in it next, and the light layer on the top; frost the top of the cake.

To Make Chocolate.—Take two penny packets of chocolate, shred them with a knife and put them in a chocolate tin; add to them one gill of boiling water; with the chocolate mill work them well until well dissolved; then half fill the tin with boiling water (a pint chocolate pot); set this over a stove and mill it until it comes to the boil; then fill up with boiling water or milk; have ready the beaten white of an egg, draw the pot away from the fire, pour the egg in, keep stirring all the time and mill it until it is all of a foam. This is the French method of making chocolate, and is good for invalids.

Hominy Fritters.—Take one tablespoonful of hominy prepared as above; put it in the saucepan; add to it one gill of milk, half an ounce of sugar and a little grated nutmeg; set it over the fire to boil; keep stirring all the time; then when boiled until quite stiff, draw from the fire and stir in the yolk of an egg; mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, and add a few grains of nutmeg; take a spoonful of the hominy, roll it in the batter and drop it in a frying pan of boiling lard; fry a light brown; then take out the fritters and draw them on paper; serve them with a little milk.

Invalid's Bread.—Put a pint of milk in a pan, and make it luke-warm; add to it half an ounce of yeast dissolved in a little warm water; then mix it with one pound of flour. Set this to the fire to rise; then beat up two eggs; add to it two ounces of castor sugar, or, if preferred without, this can be left out, add two ounces of butter, melted when the dough has stood two hours; add the other mixture; beat up well together, make into small cakes, place on a baking tin, and bake half an hour.

Hominy and Milk.—Take a quarter of a pound of hominy; put it in a saucepan with a quart of water; then put it on the fire, and stir until it becomes quite thick, and absorbs all the water; then put it in a basin for use; then take one large tablespoonful of the prepared hominy, put it in a saucepan with half a pint of new milk, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, and a little grated nutmeg; make all boil; pour into a basin, and serve hot. This is a very nourishing meal for an invalid.

Sponge Pudding.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two tablespoons of water, one half teaspoon of soda and one and one-half teaspoons of cream tartar. Beat the eggs thoroughly, mix cream tartar with the flour and dissolve the soda in the cold water, adding it last. Bake in a large roasting pan, spread the batter thinly and bake ten minutes. When done spread with currant jelly, roll while warm and lay in a clean towel in the warming oven till ready to serve.

Welsh cookies are made of two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, and two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk with one teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda dissolved in it. Beat two eggs quite light and add them, mix two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar with a quart of flour, mix this in, then add more flour, if needed, to form a smooth dough which can be easily rolled. Flavor with cinamon, cut in fancy shapes, and bake in a quick oven.

Digestible Biscuits.—Take one pound of brown flour, then put it in a basin; add a pinch of salt; put two ounces of butter in a a saucepan; add to it half a pint of water and make it boil; mix it with the flour, and beat it up until it is quite stiff; then roll it out with pastry-cutters, and bake ten minutes.

To clean marble, take two parts of common washing soda, one part of finely powdered chalk, one part pumice stone; mix all together and sift through muslin, afterward mix the powder with water. Rub the marble thoroughly with this and the stains will disappear.

A Breakfast Dish.—A good dish for breakfast is made by chopping pieces of cold boiled or fried ham just as fine as it is possible to chop them; mix them with cold mashed potatoes, an egg or two, a little butter in a frying pan, and brown the balls. Serve hot.

A can of American peas, boil until soft; mash and strain them; put a quart of milk to boil with a very little thickening (butter and flour), season to taste; just before serving add about a teaspoonful of chopped parsley or a few sprigs of fresh mint.

Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of an egg. Leather bindings of books may also be cleansed by this method. White Roman binding should be washed with a soft flannel saturated with soapsuds.

Non-poisonous Organic Acids aid digestion. Hence, the use of vinegar as a condiment is based on good reasons, but with the condition that the quantity must not be so great as to irritate the stomach itself.

A fringed scarf of ecru satin or pongee, with three branches of holly grouped carelessly upon one end, is very pretty for a chair back.

A DANGEROUS AMBUSCADE.

Discovered Barely in Time---The Most Deceptive and Luring of Modern Evils Graphically Described.

(*Syracuse Journal.*)

Something of a sensation was caused in this city yesterday by a rumor that one of our best known citizens was about to publish a statement concerning some unusual experiences during his residence in Syracuse. How the rumor originated it is impossible to say, but a reporter immediately sought Dr. S. G. Martin, the gentleman in question, and secured the following interview:

"What about this rumor, Doctor, that you are going to make a public statement of some important matters?"

"Just about the same as you will find in all rumors—some truth; some fiction. I had contemplated making a publication of some remarkable episodes that have occurred in my life, but have not completed it as yet."

"What is the nature of it, may I enquire?"

"Why, the fact that I am a human being instead of a spirit. I have passed through one of the most wonderful ordeals that perhaps ever occurred to any man. The first intimation I had of it was several years ago, when I began to feel chilly at night and restless after retiring. Occasionally this would be varied by a soreness of the muscles and cramps in my arms and legs. I thought, as most people would think, that it was only a cold and so paid as little attention to it as possible. Shortly after this I noticed a peculiar catarrhal trouble and my throat also became inflamed. As if this were not variety enough I felt sharp pains in my chest, and a constant tendency to headache."

"Why didn't you take the matter in hand and check it right where it was?"

"Why doesn't everybody do so? Simply because they think it is only some trifling and passing disorder. These troubles did not come all at once and I thought it unmanly to heed them. I have found, though, that every physical neglect must be paid for and with large interest. Men cannot draw drafts on their constitutions without honoring them sometime. These minor symptoms I have described, grew until they were giants of agony. I became more nervous; had a strange fluttering of the heart, an inability to draw a long breath and an occasional numbness that was terribly suggestive of paralysis. How I could have been so blind as not to understand what this meant I cannot imagine."

"And did you do nothing?"

"Yes, I traveled. In the spring of 1879 I went to Kansas and Colorado, and while in Denver, I was attacked with a mysterious hemorrhage of the urinary organs and lost twenty pounds of flesh in three weeks. One day after my return I was taken with a terrible chill and at once advanced to a very severe attack of pneumonia. My left lung soon entirely filled with water and my legs and body became twice their natural size. I was obliged to sit upright in bed for several weeks in the midst of the severest agony, with my arms over my head, and in constant fear of suffocation."

"And did you still make no attempt to save yourself?"

"Yes, I made frantic efforts. I tried everything that seemed to offer the least prospect of relief. I called a council of doctors and had them make an exhaustive chemical and microscopical examination of my condition. Five of the best physicians of Syracuse and several from another city said I must die!

It seemed as though their assertions was true for my feet became cold, my mouth parched, my eyes wore a fixed glassy stare, my body was covered with a cold, clammy death sweat, and I read my fate in the anxious expressions of my family and friends."

"But the *finale*?"

"Came at last. My wife, aroused to desperation, began to administer a remedy upon her own responsibility and while I grew better very slowly, I gained ground surely until, in brief, I have no trace of the terrible Brights disease from which I was dying, and am a perfectly well man. This may sound like a romance, but it is true, and my life, health and what I am are due to Warner's Safe Cure, which I wish was known to and used by the thousands who, I believe, are suffering this minute as I was originally. Does not such an experience as this justify me in making a public statement?"

"It certainly does. But then Bright's disease is not a common complaint, doctor."

"Not common! On the contrary it is one of the most common. The trouble is, few people know they have it. It has so few marked symptoms until its final stages that a person may have it for years, each year getting more and more in its power and not suspect it. It is quite natural I should feel enthusiastic over this remedy while my wife is even more so than I am. She knows of its being used with surprising results by many ladies for their own peculiar ailments, over which it has singular power."

The statement drawn out by the above interview is amply confirmed by very many of our most prominent citizens, among them being Judge Reigel, and Col. James S. Goodrich, of the *Times*, while Gen. Dwight H. Bruce and Rev. Prof. W. P. Coddington, D. D., give the remedy their heartiest endorsement. In this age of wonders, surprising things are quite common but an experience so unusual as that of Dr. Martin's and occurring here in our midst, may well cause comment and teach a lesson. It shows the necessity of guarding the slightest approach of physical disorder and by the means which has been proven the most reliable and efficient. It shows the depth to which one can sink and yet be rescued and it proves that few people need suffer if these truths are observed.

An Austin youth imagines that he is a great elocutionist. His strong card is reading the ghost scene in 'Hamlet.' An old actor was called in to express his opinion on the youth's fitness for the stage.

"Don't you think I can do the ghost in 'Hamlet' pretty well?"

"I think some other character would suit you better. You ought to have given up the ghost long ago."

"Then you mean I don't stand a ghost of a show of becoming a great actor?"

"No, I don't think you stand a ghost of a show as long as you are alive."

—Queen Victoria saves annually from her Parliamentary allowance, five hundred thousand dollars.

"Say, Smith, are you coming down town to-night?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, my hired girl left this morning and Mary will be lonesome by herself."

"My hired girl left this morning, too, and that's why I'm coming down. I'd be awful lonesome with Maggie."

It has long been known that sulphur cools a hot bearing, but the reason is doubtful. Von Heeren states that the fine metal dust formed when a journal runs hot, and which strongly acts upon both journals and bearing, forms a sulphide with the sulphur. This compound, which grows soft and greasy, does not cause any appreciable amount of friction.

From Head to Foot.

The postmaster at North Buffalo, Pa., Mr. M. J. Green, says St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain-conqueror, cured him of pains in the head, and also of frosted feet.

Hungary is becoming quite a silk-growing country. From statistics published a short time ago it appears that in 1881 there were 2,976 producers, who turned out 41,537 kilogrammes of cocoons, which realized not less than 41,816 florins. On the profits there has been established, with state aid, a model school, which promises to give a well directed impetus to the silk-raising industry.

"Speak Well of the Bridge that Carries Us Safely Over,"

Is an old adage, and as these words seem to apply to my case I use them. For several years I have been terribly troubled with my kidneys and liver. I had intense pains in my loins, back and hips. I could not lie down, or sit down at times as the pains were more than I could bear. I was treated by physicians here in Syracuse that did me no good, and I also tried several medicines that gave me no relief. I finally went to one of our druggists here in Syracuse, and was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy. I purchased a bottle, as I found it had been used with wonderful success here by others, and I had not used one bottle before I began to improve, could rest, which before I had been unable to obtain; the pains in my limbs and back were all gone, and it certainly has done all that was claimed for it in my case. In fact, Hunt's Remedy has made a complete cure, and I most heartily recommend it to the public for kidney troubles in general. You are at liberty to use my name for the benefit of others that may be in doubt as to the great merit of Hunt's Remedy.

Gratefully yours, A. Woodruff,
With the Dry Goods house of D. McCarthy & Co. Syracuse, N. Y., June 11, 1883.

The vapors of phosphorus, if breathed for a long time, produce general ill-health, in circumstances not yet fully understood, but which are probably to be sought for in the idiosyncrasies of the individual. Usually it takes the local form of necrosis of the maxillary or jaw-bone. This, if not relieved in time by an operation, results in death.

A Source of Chronic Misery.

Weak nerves is a source of chronic misery. Slight noises jar them terribly, the most trivial causes produce acute mental discomfort, the slightest excitement prevents sleep, an unaccustomed flavor destroys the appetite. That superlative nervine and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, changes all this. It promotes digestion and blood nutrition, and a proportionate share of the vigor imparted by it to the entire physical structure is appropriated by the nerves. Supersensitiveness of the nerves diminishes as they gain in vigor, and as a consequence of this restored tranquility, sleep and appetite improve. Dyspepsia, particularly when united with constipation and billousness, is a fruitful cause of nervousness and the Bitters which removes the first necessitates, by its regulating and invigorative action, the disappearance of the latter. Rheumatism, fever and ague and urinary troubles are also obviated by this comprehensive medicine.

An apparently very careful compilation of data, made by Mr. Tenison-Woods, of the Linnean Society, of New South Wales, of the geological formation of Australia, from the fundamental granite up to the recent alluvial, show that none of the large groups of rocks which are known in other parts of the world is from that continent.

Those Complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use Brown's Bronchial Troches. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice. 25c. a box.

Phylloxera on the roots of vines forwarded to England for examination by experts, through Kew officials, by the Government of Victoria, have been found in considerable numbers, although the vines themselves were effectually destroyed. It appears that the earth protected the pests which had found their way underground.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated-Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

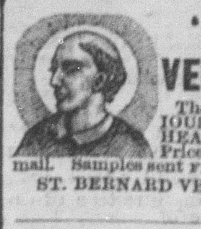
For a certain grade of murder the Japanese law not only condemns the criminal to death, but all of his family and his schoolmaster. It is really fortunate for many school superintendents in Chicago, Brooklyn, and other wicked American cities that they do not live in Japan.

"Five years ago my life was a dread all the time from Heart Disease, since using Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator the English language would fail me in telling the good I received.—Kate Musgrove, Coloma, Ind. For sale at druggists.

To listen kindly is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification, and helps us very much to speak kindly ourselves.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.
Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. Look out for imitations.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.
German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

A life of earnest work and positive benevolence is the great safeguard against the selfish and slavish misery of oversensitiveness.



"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"
The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address
ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
83 Mercer Street, New York

VARICOCELE
or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. Often the unsuspected cause of Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. Glove-fitting. Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

HOP PLASTER
This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. Hop Plaster Company, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.
A GREAT SUCCESS

☞ The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
Is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Tetter, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, and all Blood diseases yield to its wonderful powers. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read! "It cured my son of Scrofula."—J. E. Brooks, Painesville, O. "It cured my child of Erysipelas."—Mrs. E. Smeltzer, Larimers, Pa. Price $1. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa. The genuine has our name on bottom of wrappers.

BUSINESS MEN.

Risking Health and Life—Statement of a Well-Known Official of Lowell, Mass.,—Chronic Kidney Disease Cured by Dr' David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.

"I must have other help or die," exclaimed City Assessor Francis Goward, of Summer street, Lowell, Mass., to his physician. Like so many other public men, Mr. Goward was in early life strong, stalwart and a perfect stranger to physical infirmities. But the excitements of a busy life, and the nervous strain caused by business engagements, together, perhaps, with some inherited tendency (for the tendency is often inherited) had made him, he says, "as most of my friends in Lowell are aware, a great sufferer from kidney troubles. As a matter of course I procured the best of medical attendance, but without real benefit." He also had inflammation of the prostate gland. Utterly discouraged, he invested a dollar in **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY**, of Rondout, N. Y. That was two or three years ago. Under date of Feb. 13, 1884, he says: "My health is the best it has been for years. I still use **FAVORITE REMEDY** occasionally. I always keep it in the house. I have had many letters of inquiry about my case, and I always recommend it as one of the best of medicines for such troubles, for I have used most all other medicines for similar troubles without benefit." Such an emphatic endorsement from such a source ought to be perfectly convincing to all sufferers. Dr. Kennedy has used **FAVORITE REMEDY** in his practice for twenty years. It is purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, safe, sure, efficient if taken as directed. Try it.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.
To the Consumptive.—Wilbor's Compound of Cod-Liver Oil and Lime, without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the article as heretofore used is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy can be shown. Sold by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

ONE MILLION LADIES WANTED to send 60 cts. in money or postage stamps for sample bottle of La Rene's Complexion Beautifier; removes Freckles and imparts a Beautiful Smoothness and Color to the roughest skin and is perfectly harmless in its nature. Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity. B. Casey & Co., 85 Nassau St., New York.

SHAPE Novelties or Souvenirs—10 with Illus. Book for 10c. J. SINGLE & CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED to sell our XXX Blended Tea, Gold Band China Cup and Saucer given with each pound. Price 60c. Dealers send for particulars. Jas. B. Clark, 288 Greenwich St., N. Y.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.
WALNUT LEAF TRADE B MARK HAIR RESTORER
It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.
MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y.
For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealer. ☞ Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

Camphor Milk is the best Liniment. Price 25 cents

20 368

DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. ☞ Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

RUPTURE
Cure Guaranteed in all cases by Dr. J. B. Mayer Under his treatment ease is at once obtained and persons can attend to their business immediately after treatment. Examination free. Send stamp for reply. Main office, 831 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Will be at the Keystone House, Reading, Pa., every 2d Saturday; Hershey House, Harrisburg, Pa., 5th and 6th; St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., 7th and 8th of each month.

Card Collectors | Handsome new set cards four 1c stamps A. G. Bassett, Rochester, N. Y.

Phoenix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO

LEARN TELEGRAPHY, or SHORT-HAND and TYPE WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35cts by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

"It was flaxseed that ruined me," he said as he crossed his legs and heaved a heavy sigh from the bottom of his soul.

"You tried to make a corner, eh?"

"Oh, no. I was simply calculating on the natural and average demand in the Middle States."

"And did the price go down?"

"Yes 15 cents a bushel."

"What was the cause?"

"Almost total lack of boils in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Mishigan, and Illinois, that season," he calmly replied. "The number of boils dropped from 750,000 to three or four old carbuncles and a felon or two, and I'll be hanged if even those weren't poulticed with corn meal to save expense."

A little girl went away with her mother for a week's visit in the country. When they returned she looked up and down the streets, and at the houses, and said:

"Why the town ain't red, is it?"

"Of course not, Fannie. Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, mamma, just before we started away, I hear papa tell Mr. Tompkins that he was going to paint the town red, while we were in the country. I guess he must have been busy and didn't have time to do it. Don't you suppose so, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I do."

Then there was a large silence.

Solving the Difficulty.—"Will you give me ten cents for a drink?" asked a tramp.

"Your frankness is so refreshing," replied the gentleman, "that I would be glad to accommodate you, but, unfortunately, I have nothing less than a quarter."

"H'm; that is rather embarrassing. You wouldn't care to give me the quarter, I suppose?"

"Hardly. In fact I have only a quarter in my pocket, and I shall probably want a drink myself before dinner."

"I see," replied the tramp," the situation is decidedly complicated. Allow me to think for a moment. Ah, I have it. Just give me the quarter, and we will take a little nip together at my expense."

Harlington wanted to stand his landlady off for a couple of weeks' board and so at the breakfast table he said in a loud tone of voice:

"Ah, Mrs. Hendricks?"

"Yes, Mr. Harlington."

"Ah, will you be kind enough to pour a little cold water in my coffee? It is too strong and hot."

After breakfast she said:

"Certainly, Mr. Harlington, I will accommodate you willingly."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A prize of $2,400 has been awarded by the Turin Academy of Science to Mr. Hormuzd Rassam for his discoveries in the field of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities.

How to Shorten Life.

The receipt is simple. You have only to take a violent cold and neglect it. Abernethy, the great English surgeon, asked a lady who told him she only had a cough: "What would you have? The plague?" Beware of "only coughs." The worst cases can, however, be cured by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. In whooping cough and croup it immediately allays irritation and is sure to prevent a fatal termination of the disease. Sold by druggists.

It is very funny, but as a general rule the waiter in a swell restaurant is about the only person about the premises who doesn't wait for anything. The man who orders the chop does most of the waiting.

We recommend Ely's Cream Balm where a cure for Catarrh is called for, and consider that we are doing the public a service by making its virtues known to those afflicted with this loathsome disease, for which it is in most instances a perfect cure. **Peck Bros.**, Druggists, Grand Rapids, Mich. (Price 50 cts. See adv.)

"No," said a Kentuckian, "I don't want any paintings in water colors. Give 'em to me in oil—fusil oil. That's the kind of an art connoisseur I am."

A startling fact. Heart Disease is only inferior in fatality to consumption do not suffer from it but use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. It has cured thousands, why not you? $1. at druggists.

Thermometer panels of satin are made. Arbutus and other floral designs are painted or embroidered in the corners.

Carbo-lines.

Strike the bosom of old mother earth
And from her veins unseen
There flows an oil of untold worth
From which comes Carboline.

Kid shoes can be kept soft and free from cracks by rubbing them once a week with pure glycerine or castor oil.

I am cured of Catarrh and deafness by Ely's Cream Balm. My aunt was deaf in one ear. After using the Balm a few times her hearing was restored. F. D. Morse, Insurance Broker, Elizabeth N. J. Not a liquid or snuff.

Steel may be cleansed by rubbing with a piece of wash leather dipped in kerosene oil.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

A little soap applied to the hinges of a door will prevent their creaking.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

There is always a great deal of bustle in a newspaper office. Fashionable dressmakers are possibly not aware of his.

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS. NERVINE
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.
A SPECIFIC FOR
EPILEPSY, SPASMS,
CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS,
ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHOHOLISM,
OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS,
SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL,
UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA,
NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE,
RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS,
NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES,
BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS,
KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.
☞ $1.50 per bottle at druggists. ☜
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med., Co., Prop'rs.
St. Joseph, Mo. (1)
Correspondence freely answered by physicians.
For testimonials and circulars send stamp.
C. N. CRITTENTON, Agent, New York.

DR. DAVID ☞ KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.
KIDNEY and LIVER CURE
Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.
It proves successful in cases where all other medicines had totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for many years, and has won hosts of warm friends.
Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy stakes his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.
For sale by all druggists, or write to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP!
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. ☜

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.
Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up.
No security required except for interest, and then only personal. These loans are for poor or men of moderate means, in amounts of $100, $500 FOR LIFE. Send 4 cents for particulars.
W. ROBERTS, Manager, 19½ W. 4th St. Cincinnati, O.

Lay the Axe to the Root
If you would destroy the cankering worm. For any external pain, sore, wound or lameness of man or beast, use only MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. It penetrates all muscle and flesh to the very bone, expelling all inflammation, soreness and pain, and healing the diseased part as no other Liniment ever did or can. So saith the experience of two generations of sufferers, and so will you say when you have tried the "Mustang."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., May 28, '84.

TERMS --$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞ Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

A VISIT

TO "THE FAIR" OR "   T" WILL BOTH PLEASE AND PAY YOU. ANYTHING NEW YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THERE FIRST. THIS SPRING'S GOODS ARE ESPECIALLY FINE AND PRICES VERY LOW.

COME AND SEE HOW IT IS YOURSELF.

G. R. SPIGELMYER.
SPRING MILLS, PENNA.

MAY 5, 1884.

TO OUR "REPORTER" READERS:

Our stock of Fans, Parasols, (including the Drown seamless,) White Goods all over Embroideries, and Lace far excell in Style and Price.

In Lace Curtains and Curtain Poles we lead all—Portierres and Turkens Cross-stripes. Please call when in town, we are positive you will go away pleased.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, May*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

Black walnut curtain poles at 65 cents at the Bee Hive.

Not imitators but originators—Valentines Store Co , Lim.

—New styles hats and gents' furnishing goods at the Bee Hive.

——Rain on Tuesday.

——Potter school board meets Monday, June 2, for audit. See adv.

——J. S. Krape will have sale at Spring Mills, June 7.

——W. Garberick, of near Bellefonte, and S. M. Long, of Farmers Mills, favored our sanctum with a call. Also Mr. W. Runkle, of Tusseyville.

——Ye editor dispatched a 6 ft. black snake on Saturday while out trouting.

— Mrs. Geiss, a few doors below the REPORTER office, displays a blooming cactus which is hard to beat for beauty.

—Mr. John Snyder had a horse die of cholic, on Tuesday night.

——Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week were warm and altogether like summer.

——Col. Jacob Wolf, of Millheim, favored our sanctum with a call and pleasant chat.

— Mrs. Stover, wife of George W. Stover, of Millheim, died on last Saturday night, after a lingering illness. She was a daughter of John Harper of near this place

——Samuel Weiser, one of Millheim's old and respected citizens, gave us a call to day.

——Chas. Smith and ex-sheriff Lingle, of Bellefonte, gave the "Reporter" a call.

——You can always find what will suit and please you in style and price, in the line of boots and shoes, at A. C. Mingle's.

——The first quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church will be held at Spring Mills, May 31; quarterly conference at 2 p. m. Preaching on Saturday evening and Sabbath morning by Rev. J. H. McGarrah.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has such concentrated, curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and surest blood-purifier known.

——The Moyer sawmill, on the tract purchased from the Huston estate, east of our town, turns out 200 railroad ties per day. The Moyers are from "old Berks."

——A three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Spicer, of Bellefonte, was struck on the head by a heavy stone, rolled down a declivity by some reckless boys, on Sunday, 18, and died a few minutes afterward.

— Dr. Lee, of Madisonburg, spent an hour in pleasant chat with the "Reporter," the other day. The Dr. has a lucrative practice down there.

——The railroad will be pushed right ahead and within 60 days the rails will be laid to Lemont. From Lemont to Bellefonte the work may not proceed quite so rapidly, though we do not see why it should not—with about half dozen contractors on about eight or nine miles it should take very little time to complete that part of the line.

——After trying all other places, people generally go back to A. C. Mingle, in the Brockerhoff house block, for their boots and shoes. He always keeps the largest assortment and the best and cheapest goods. Try it yourself, reader.

Clothing lower than cost to close out, at Valentines Store Co., Lim.

——Mr. D. F. Luse, of this place, has gotten up an improved hydrant, the chief merit of which is simplicity combined with utility.

——C. W. Woodling, of Rebersburg, late clerk of Wolf & Son, sported a day in Centre Hall, last week, and gave the "Reporter" a call.

—Ladies, if you want latest style shoes, the only place that keeps 'em is Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff house block.

——A steam sawmill is being put up on the Kerlin tract of woodland on the south side of the valley. Almost every timber tract of any value, in this valley, has a steam sawmill, and the noble pine and sturdy oak are fast disappearing. At the present rate twenty years hence there will be little or no good timber left in the valley.

For choice A No. 1 dry-goods and groceries go to Valentines Store Co., Lim.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The G. A. R. Post, No. 282, consisting of comrades of Centre Hall and vicinity, Potters Mills, Spring Mills and the Union, have decided upon the following program for Decoration day, 30 inst., viz: The entire post to meet at the Union at 8 o'clock a. m. where it will be joined by Farmers Mills' drum corps and cornet band. After memorial services there, they will proceed to Spring Mills—services at 10 a. m. After dinner leave for Georges Valley and decorate at one o'clock, after which the Post will go to Potters Mills, where it will be joined by the Loop cornet band and march to the Sprucetown cemetery—services at 2 p. m. The Post will then leave for Centre Hall where it will be met by the Linden Hall cornet band—strewing of flowers at 5 p. m. Speakers for all the places have been engaged. All ministers, Sunday Schools, citizens, and all soldiers whether members of the Post or not, are cordially and earnestly invited to participate.

COMMITTEE.

At a meeting relative to memorial day held in the Post room, Thursday evening, Mr. M. Derstine was elected chairman and W. A. Jacobs, secretary. All ladies of Centre Hall and vicinity were appointed by the chairman as a committee to furnish spruce, flowers, etc. Mr. Derstine was elected chairman of the committee. The building back of Henney's coach shops was selected as the place in which to make wreaths, etc. All decorating material to be taken to Witmer's grove and be in readiness by 5 o'clock p. m.

——Viewers were out on Tuesday surveying damages for right-of-way in Gregg twp. It is to be regretted that there should occasionally appear demands that are purely unreasonable in a matter for the interests of all our people, where a portion bears the burdens for the common benefit and to have it made heavier for them by unreasonable demands from such as do nothing yet share all the benefits of a public improvement.

——The lecture of Rev. Hector, colored, in the M. E. church, Monday evening, was attended by a fair house. His lecture was devoted to incidents in his own life from childhood, together with experiences in the late war. Rev. Hector speaks with ease, and is highly amusing throughout—wit and sparks of eloquence called forth frequent bursts of applause from his audience. He is lecturing for the benefit of the G. A. R.

——Goldsmith Brothers, of the Bee Hive Stores, will demonstrate their patriotism by closing on Memorial Day, giving their numerous employes a holiday. In this they show a commendable degree of public spirit and deserve credit for their bold and decided decision without waiting and parlaying to see what others will do.

——James Gilliland, one of the leading citizens of College twp, favored us with a call.

Valentines Store Co., Lim., never had a better assortment of straw hats.

Rev. A. A. Kerlin, pastor of the Water Street and Petersburg Ev. Lutheran congregations for more than three years, drove, principally in pastoral work, from April 1, '83 to April 1, '84, 3,246 miles; preached 150 sermons; catechised and lectured at prayer meetings nearly every Wednesday evening, and made 499 calls and visits, and did not miss one appointment on account of health or weather.

Hammocks—Valentines Store Co., Lim

Jerseys, Jerseys, Jerseys, for ladies and misses, at Valentines Store Co., Lim.

GEORGE'S VALLEY BITES.

Farmers done planting corn, and it is coming up since the rain. George Gentzel's barn was raised on Friday, on the southeast end of his farm. Samuel Harter's house is under roof on his George's valley farm; he also intends putting up a barn. Carpenters began work for Eli Smith's new house on his farm. D. Baney gave a magic lantern exhibition here last week of Bible scenes. A horse died for Wm. Ripka on Sunday morning—sick but a short time. J. T. Barger has a self-feed lath machine on Grove & Wolf's mill; cuts three at a time.

G.

LINDEN HALL CHIPS.

Our folks are getting ready for decoration day; some intend to go to Boalsburg, others to Centre Hall; wonder if they will forget the veterans who sleep in the Linden Hall cemetery? The house for Wm. Alexander is rapidly going up and will be ready for the plasterers in a week. We have gypsies visiting us this week; some of our young ladies were anxious to know the size, complexion and wealth of their future husbands and gave them a call—consequently they are happy. We noticed the danger flag on our railroad a few days ago, next saw a retired merchant going down the track at the rate of about a mile a minute to switch off the workmen who were about to change the course of the creek flowing above the railroad premises. Great threats were made but we are glad there was no collision. The engineers are at work about 2 miles west of here. For fancy work go to Major Huss, boot and shoe maker. We have now one of the best dry-goods stores in the valley, managed by Alexander & Keller; their trade is increasing daily; wonder if the smiles of the junior partner are the cause of it? Are we to have a 4th of July celebration? Don't all speak at once.

MAX.

100 TOWN LOTS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will offer for sale 100 choice town lots, near the railroad, at Centre Hall. These lots will be sold at very low figures. For further particulars and plan of lots apply to J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

JOHN HOFFER,
2apr3m Bellefonte, Pa.

LOOK HERE!

Have on hand and offer for sale, at FARMERS MILLS,

Choice Western Corn.
Mixed Chop.
Family Flour.

30ap6t J. B. FISHER.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

Having employed an experienced wood-worker I am now prepared to do all kinds of wood-work as well as painting and trimming, on short notice, and at prices to suit the times.

14may4t J. T. LEE.

62 LIVES LOST.

St. Johns, N. F., May 23.—The French brig Senorine, with fifty-three passengers and nine crew, sunk to the eastward of Great Banks and all perished. She left St. Malo, France, on March 5, ladened with a general cargo, bound for Saint Pierre, and succumbed to the gale on the 5th of May.

Louisiana had damaging floods from rains last week.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS for taxes for 1882 and 1883 and previous years.—Notice is hereby given that in persuance of an Act of Assembly passed on the 12th day June, A. D., 1815, entitled "An act to amend an act, directing the mode of selling unseated lands in Centre county," and the several supplements thereto, there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in said county for the taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, June 9th, A. D. 1884, at one o'clock p. m.:

Acres.	Per.	Warrantee name.	Taxes.
		Benner Twp.	
58		Holms, Robert	2 04
100		Dale, Christ (owner)	4 90
		Boggs Twp.	
143		Dale, Ann part	14 27
383	163	Frazier, Nolbroa	25 83
433	163	Hannah Fishburn	41 91
433	163	Wm Gray	38 93
431	137	Martha Godfrey	45 12
433	163	Jonathan Harvey	28 86
418	40	Wm Hood	42 86
431	40	Moses Hood	33 87
181		J M Lucas & J P Packer	24 60
433	163	David Lewis	43 55
300		Frank McCoy	30 30
50		Packer and Lucas	5 04
458	84	Wm Russel	31 13
433	163	Thomas Russel	29 42
50		Jno Walker, owner	4 50
46		Jacob Leathers, owner	2 11
333	163	Michael Weiss	29 69
		Burnside Twp.	
415		James Black	9 34
433	163	Robt Brady	19 44
433	163	Wm P Brady	9 72
433	163	John Brady	9 72
433	163	Wm Bell	12 96
433	153	Wm Bingham	56 99
415		John Boyd	18 67
433	163	John Byers	19 59
433	163	Wm Cook	19 44
433	163	John Cowdon	12 96
433	163	Wm Dewart	6 48
433	163	John Dewart	6 48
483	163	Henry Donelly	6 48
433	163	John Donelly	12 96
433	163	Sam'l M Fox	12 96
433	163	Robert Gray	6 48
433	163	Wm Gray	6 48
433	163	Thomas Grant	12 96
433	163	Alex Graves	12 96
433	163	Gharles Goben	6 48
433	163	Thos Hamilton	12 96
140		Henry Harris	12 60
433	153	Geo Harrison	19 52
433	163	John Housel	12 96
433	153	Person Hunt	45 47
433	163	John Kidd	10 35
415		Nathaniel Levi	12 43
433	163	John Lyon	12 96
433	153	Blair McLanahan	19 52
433	153	George McLanahan	45 46
433	153	Polly McLanahan	45 46
433	153	Ann McLanahan	45 46
433	150	Geo Mead	64 93
200		Wm Miller	6 00
433	163	Joseph Morris	12 96
433	153	John Nicholson	38 98
233	153	And Pettit	39 47
433	163	Henry Shaffer	12 96
415		Sarah M Tallman	12 43
433	153	Francis Tench	32 54
433	163	James Towers	9 72
415		Joseph Thomas	12 43
415		Joseph Wallace	9 34
433	163	Joseph Wallace	12 96
415		John Weitzel	11 47
415		Jacob Weidner	37 23
123		Henry Wheeler	3 66
433	163	Baird Wilson	12 86
204		Martin Withington	3 05
		College Twp.	
421		Ross Johnston	15 43
		Curtin Twp.	
434		Robert Ainsley	50 69
415		Chas Allen	50 90
276		Samuel Baird	38 35
185		Wm P Brady	37 22
297		D Carscadden	45 78
337		Lindley Coats	23 00
150		Paul Custer	13 74
80		John Curtin	3 98
200	120	D Carscadden	14 60
311		Peter Dehaven ⅔	52 82
106		Joseph Devling	12 40
434		Joseph Devling	50 78
135		Henry Donald	33 60
311		Cadwalder Evans	52 82
415		Wm Eliot	70 44
415		Ester Eddy	69 84
448	99	And Epple	73 38
415		Robt Gray	64 24
415		Wm Gray	64 24
415		Wm Gilbert	82 90
360		Martha Godfrey	83 00
300	142	John W Godfrey	44 10
120		Peter Hahn	12 24
415		Susan Hahn	64 24
60		Ed Hollowell	11 20
142		Thos Humphery	14 47
208		James Irvine	39 12
380¾		Joseph Kelso	56 80
402		Rebecca Kelso	60 18
400		Joseph Kelso	48 00
		Mary Lane	33 20
433	153	A S Valentine	52 99
150		Sarah Lane	41 50
415		Nathaniel Levi	82 90
207½		Caleb Lowns	32 46
207½		Isaac Longstreth	38 56
207½		Caleb Lowns	38 26
207½		Isaac Longstreth	38 26
70		John S Mason	12 32
400		John McCauley	45 11
200		Philip Meyer	47 00
100		Simon Meyer	23 50
420	48	Michael Meyer	95 80
420		Valentine Meyer	95 80
196		James Miller	29 12
400		Wm P Mitchell	46 80
424		Wm P Mitchell	49 78
220		Wm P Mitchell	25 74
210		John P Mitchell	33 93
110		Royer Meyers	6 49
313	112	Ellis L Davis	36 64
424		J W Packer	49 78
42		J W Packer	4 91
15		J W Packer	1 50
110		J W Packer	12 87
326		J W Packer	38 14
12		Cline Quigley	5 54
100		Peter Smith	16 20
423	153	Samuel Scott	86 88
423	163	Mary Tallman	50 78
200		Richard Tunis	20 40
200		Richard Tunis	19 80
415		Jacob Wain	41 04
217		Fishburn Wharton	35 50
217		Fishburn Wharton	35 50
160		Jonathan Willis	11 10
415		Casper Wistar	114 90
423	163	James White	91 96
160		Jonathan Willis	11 10
461		Wm Yardley	47 00
		Ferguson Twp.	
100		Wm Burchfield	5 05
10		Abram Hicks	1 42
159		Peacock Thomas, owner	12 00
		Gregg Twp.	
120		Robt Askin	4 68
110		Jacob Mozely	2 65
130		John Mercer	4 03
120		Daniel Reese	1 99
150		Michael Zeigler	1 79
52		A Custer's est, owner	3 09
		Haines Twp.	
363	60	Thos Barr	6 51
406	60	Margt Barr	7 25
87		John of Barrows	1 20
375	60	James Barr	6 73
388	60	Mary Barr	6 92
154		Henry Beck	2 92
446	28	Hannah Dubdridge	5 92
181		Jacob Fees	2 49
406	89	Michael Gratz	7 23
400		Benard Gratz	5 85
222	140	H Gillman & S Snyder	17 06
222		H Gillman & S Snyder	12 93
415		Chas Hall	16 90
400	60	Mary Links	7 20
106		Lowery	1 38
200		Wm Parker	1 78
170		Stover & Wolf	3 04
88		Wm Fidd	83
150		D Hensel, owner	1 33
125		D Hensel, owner	1 10
25	139	John Weiss & Sol Nidigh	45
		Halfmoon Twp.	
48		Daniel Beck	13 86
95		Jacob Keith	28 40
216		Josiah Lamburn	32 28
24		Jaco Vanpool, owner	4 96
63	89	C Vanpool, owner	9 33
67	76	C Vanpool, "	11 52
45		C Vanpool, "	3 08
		Harris Twp.	
400		Absolom Andre	3 80
123		Geo Fox	1 89
400		Wm Harrison	3 80
50		John Irvine	1 22
400		Richard Parker	3 80
400		James Reed	3 80
407	92	Kerney Wharton	4 23
100		Samuel Young	96
		Howard Twp.	
107	104	Samuel Brown	6 68
136	92	Jas D Harris	3 81
55		Jas D Harris	2 09
160		Jno Willis and S E End	14 32
160		Jonathan Willis	14 31
		Huston Twp.	
423	163	James Barter	25 10
120		Adam Kuhn	8 88
50		Kuhns	4 84
423	163	John Price	25 10
423	163	John Rollington	25 11
423	162	John Wheeland	25 11
		Liberty Twp.	
166		Robt and Jas Hayes	35 95
171		Geo D Hess	10 87
309	3	Robert Irvin	29 64
310		Jere Jackson	22 63
180		Peter Lytle	6 80
150		Peter Lytle	6 05
175		Jas A Quigley	10 56
168		Shaw & Lingle	8 21
249		Christian Smith	16 72
		Marion Twp.	
17		Robt Lewis	4 67
87	100	David McKinney	6 20
70		Chris Rohrer	18 06
50		Wm Tilghman, owner	12 99
100		J P Harris "	12 30
19		Isaac Frain "	7 04
28		John Zeigler "	7 98
60		Simon Yarger	4 02
60		Simon Yarger	4 02
200		Robt Young	22 80
		Miles Twp.	
430		Robt Brady	7 91
410		Hannah Brady	7 56
255		Jane Brady	4 70
200		John Brady	3 70
440		Wm P Brady	8 14
146		Wm Brady	2 66
424		Geo Calhoun	7 80
403		James Crothers "	7 42
150		Wm Cooper	2 78
320		Joseph Fearon	5 92
429		Robt Gray	7 88
476		Thos Grant	8 78
203		Wm Hamer	5 77
460		Alex Hunter	8 50
430		Jeremiah Jackson	6 28
320		Geo Kitts	5 92
300		Aaron Levy	5 45
425		Samuel Norton	7 83
300		Wm Parker	5 54
324		Richard Parker	5 98
324		Jeremiah Parker	5 98
58		Wm Parker	1 03
125		Wm Stedman	2 91
200		Thomas Smith	3 70
100		Abraham Scott	1 84
50		Samuel Scott	91
150		Abraham Scott	2 77
90		Samuel Scott	1 65
130		Robert Taggert	2 39
275		John Tripp	5 07
425		Henry Toland	7 83
100		C Long, owner	1 75
125		Moore Wharton	2 38
425		David William	7 82
		Penn Twp.	
150		James Armstrong	6 00
150	10	John Cowdon	6 00
112	19	John Cowdon	3 91
150		Thomas Hamilton	6 00
150		James Hepburn	6 00
116	31	James Hepburn	4 08
150		John Kennedy	6 00
150		James Kennedy	6 00
104	89	And Kennedy	3 62
108	131	John Kennedy	3 72
113	8	James Kennedy	3 81
200		Robert Lyon	8 00
200		Ezekiel Lyon	8 00
200		Benj Lyon	8 00
100		Wm Montgomery	4 00
100		Daniel Montgomery	4 00
200		Wm M'Calley	8 00
200		John McCalley	8 00
		Potter Twp.	
288		Mary Bound	4 66
81	111	Alex Cameron	1 49
29		H B Fullmer	64
132		Carothers	2 10
400		Edward Garigus	5 69
400		Wm Garigus	5 69
400		Wm Harrison	8 04
40		Livingstone	74
105		Geo McClellan	1 67
70		Jos Pook	1 49
90		John Bitner, owner	1 01
		Spring Twp.	
186	115	John Purdon	6 14
300		Catharine Robison	9 90
300		Rebecca Robison	9 90
150		Richard Robison	4 97
96	66	Henry Fool	6 60
92	102	Thomas Thornburg	6 60
100		J Gordon, owner	3 30
75		Emeline Whitney, ow'er	7 42
		Snow Shoe Twp.	
433		And Byard	107 79
433	153	Wm Bingham	80 95
433	153	Felix Brunt	80 95
60		Geo Clymer	8 46
433	153	Geo Campbell	80 95
412	44	David Carscadden	67 56
412	44	David Carscadden	77 04
287	86	David Carscadden	47 06
433	153	Paul Cox	80 95
433	153	Thos Cuthburt	80 95
433	153	D H Cunningham	78 44
433	153	Sharp Delaney	80 95
300		Joseph Devaling	39 90
218		Samuel Dobson	27 89
433		Geo Eddy	45 48
200		Thos Fitzsimmons	23 60
433	163	Sam'l M Fox	86 58
433	163	James C Fisher	71 00
433	163	Sam'l W Fisher	80 95
60		Robert Gray	8 46
200		Jos Higby	26 80
383		James T Hale	67 18
50		James T Hale	5 25
433	153	James Hauthorn	80 95
433	153	Thos Hawthorn	80 95
433	153	Wm Lewis	80 95
433	153	Wm Lewis, lawyer	80 95
433		Samuel Lihn	70 99
383		John Ligget	57 87
400		J Z Long	60 40
200		J Z Long	37 40
314		J Z Long	47 41
433	153	Jasper Maylan	70 99
433	153	Edward Mayston	70 99
433		James McManns	70 99
433	153	Blair McLanahan	70 99
433	153	Geo Meed	66 00
433	153	Wm McPherson	66 00
433	163	Thos McEwen	70 99
433	153	M T Milliken	61 03
409	78	N J Mitchell	57 64
433		Luke Misner	70 99
433		Benj R Morgan	55 45
433	153	Robert Morris	76 07
368	71	John M Nesbit	69 09
433	153	Wm Parker	55 45
216		Jeremiah Parker	27 63
216		Jeremiah Parker	27 63
360		John Pim	59 04
360	144	Hugh Pim	59 04
300		Job Reiley	54 60
360	144	John Riley	53 04
433	153	Thos L Shippen	70 99
433	153	Edward Scott	70 99
433	155	Benj Tallman	55 45
162		Jos Tomkins	17 23
433	163	Sarah M Tallman	70 99
190	8	Henry Vandyke	31 16
433	153	Rebecca Waln	55 45
433	163	Pheby Waln	75 78
433	153	Moore Wharton	70 99
433	153	Elizabeth Wharton	55 45
433	163	Thos F Wharton	70 99
433	153	Francis West	70 99
423	153	Benj West	70 99
265		Frances West	27 80
433	153	Wm H West	45 57
433	153	John West	45 57
169		Frances West	13 89
		Rush Twp.	
433	153	Jno Allison	175 15
328		James Allison	132 50
250		And Allison	119 50
300		A Allison & J Lilly	143 40
327	10	And Armstrong	30 27
40	10	Richard Atherton	18 04
164	10	James Allison	19 97
104		Jos Bauman	12 80
52		Jos Bauman	14 18
433	163	David Beverage	37 67
433	163	Dan'l Brickley	44 99
433	163	Peter Brutzman	154 65
½ of			
433	163	John Boreland	23 04
100		John Copenhaver	9 10
433	153	John Cunningham	110 10
100		Geo Clymer	39 70
100		Geo Campbell	39 70
300		Thos Cuthburt	119 10
433	163	Sharp Delany	37 67
155	99	Frederick Dorsh	46 09
433	153	Thos Edwards	154 65
433	163	Daniel Ehler	65 58
50		Edward French	9 60
433	153	Dan Fitzgerald	65 58
433	153	John Funk	43 50
250		Thos Fitzsimmons	29 87
274		Sebastian Graff	90 34
433	153	Sebastian Graff	195 31
216	156	Thos Grant	77 26
433	153	Thos Grant	177 78
212		Wm Gary	88 18
433	163	Jas Glentworth	37 67
50		Elizabeth Grove	6 90
100		Robt Gray	39 76
121	152	Grove & McKean	3 84
433	153	Christian Hair	49 37
426	164	Christian Hair	39 10
433	153	David Hair	40 37
216	153	Thos Hamilton	77 26
433	153	Hugh Hamilton	27 59
433	153	John Hand	49 37
150	80	John Harrison	47 29
107		Jos Harrison	44 30
433	153	Hugh Hamilton	54 78
112		Geo M Hartline	13 38
433	163	John Hopkins	44 98
433	153	John Huber	49 37
13		Christopher Hager	4 98
6		John Harrison	3 84
433	153	Robt Irvin	154 65
½ of			
433	153	Robt Irvine	11 15
100		Robt King	40 40
162	10	James Karr	60 78
433	163	Geo Littimore	37 67
135	163	Wm G Littimore	11 82
433	153	Christian Lenhore	195 31
313	106	John Lowden	35 84
433	153	Rich Lowden	65 65
433	153	John Lowden	177 79
50		A B Long	9 25
¼		Richard Lowden	56
433	153	Jacob Metzgar	138 55
433	153	Leslie Malone	21 86
433	153	Edwdar Maystown	37 67
200		Wm McPherson	17 50
433	153	Jacob Meyers	103 48
433	153	John Miller	49 37
433	163	Jacob Miller	49 37
433	163	Martha McConnell	37 67
433	153	Geo Mead	54 78
½ of			
433	153	B R Morgan	11 21
70		John Musser	44 83
173		Geo Musser (smith)	67 77
100		J R M'Cord & A Campbell	19 20
6		Ellen Nelson	4 22
3	120	David Old	1 28
221	58	Joseph Pim	20 58
323		Hugh Patton	32 60
½ of			
433	153	Richard Peters	11 16
433	153	Henry Pinkerton	64 61
164	108	Hardman Philips	56 65
177	84	Hardman Philips	78 82
120	120	Hardman Philips	64
100		Passmore & Bryson	19 20
845	130	Henry Pim	22 26
801	150	George Pim	19 20
216	80	Robert Rainey	56 45
433	158	Thos Reese	218 66
[illegible]	153	Christian Rohrer	49 87
533	158	Jacob Rudisil	162 81
405	47	Jacob Rush	142 65
433	158	Benj. Rush	177 78
88		Wm H Robison	1 28
87		Wm H Robison	1 28
214		Jacob Stout	79 18
433		Casper Schafner	195 31
433	158	Andrew Shenk	49 87
433	153	Christian Shenk	49 87
483	153	Michael Shenk	49 87
247	16	Jacob Steek	28 28
438	158	Robert Speer	115 20
167	7	Geo Stough	19 10
219		And Scott	25 18
406		Barbara Snyder	77 94
193		Ed French, own'r	37 03
80		W H Corkendale, owner	15 86
122	44	John Weidman	55 02
402	119	Jacob Weidman	180 56
12		J C Williams	7 17
108		John Wilson	14 87
326½		John Wilson	34 09
75		Wm Wilson	20 3
433	153	Wm Wilson	154 65
313	106	John Witmer	36 00
306	100	Wm Wilson	97 92
		Taylor Twp.	
150		Armer & Shaffer	18 30
250		Clement Beckwith	77 50
77		Wm Bell	32 59
309		James Bush	54 90
50		Joseph Clark	6 10
176		Moses Coates	21 45
½ of			
433	163	Elize'th Hoodman	8 77
434		Hugh Hamilton	70 66
433	153	John Hoopman	25 08
67	76	Lot No 14, C V, Jas Vanpool	4 12
63	89	Lot No 11, C V, Jas Vanpool	3 89
73	147	Lot No 16, C V A, Stephenson est	4 50
70		Lot No 15 C V, Henry Stephenson	4 20
100		Thos Madson	32 00
431		w w Montgomery	33 59
100		David Ralston	15 00
431	263	Jno M'Commond	55 02
50		Barbara Snyder	26 46
93		C Vanpool	8 46
50		Jacob Vanpool	6 10
200		Rich'd Whitehead	44 20
50		John Wells	7 60
60		Jos Yoder	11 58
		Union Twp.	
150	20	Wm Brower	41 51
200		P R Kuhn	12 00
150	140	Harvey Mann	44 56
100		Sam'l Phipps	11 85
50		H Thomas, owner	4 10
383		P B Crider & Son	79 00
433	163	Wm Wister	143 77
		Walker Twp.	
90	94	Robt Askin	2 15
40		John Baker	1 92
337	154	Robt & Jno Baker	8 14
212		Sam'l Barkman	10 17
129	120	Ruth Brooks	8 11
300		Wm Brady	7 20
270	129	Mary Corvier	6 72
115	118	Marg't Dougherty	2 78
179	110	Eliz'th Dougherty	4 32
69	39	Jesse Evans	1 66
100	39	Jesse Evans	2 40
92	26	Wm Eckert	2 19
211	72	Peter Hahn	5 07
22	47	Ebenezer Hahn	52
65	40	Wm Hahn	1 54
219	89	Margaret James	5 28
215	155	Edward James	5 13
59	40	David Johnson	1 38
161		John Knox	7 47
560		Mary McEwen	13 34
357	160	Wm Mansel	7 82
90	94	John Mercer	2 15
327	100	David Mercer	7 83
384	36	Wm Miller	9 22
4		Thos McCalmont	1 02
211	44	Capt Osman	5 04
86	40	Job Packer	2 05
89	40	James Packer	2 15
182		Richard Purdon	8 00
150		David Reed	7 20
175		Rich'd Robison	7 77
88		Jhon and Henry Smith	1 92
201	133	James Sutler	9 64
882	86	Daniel Sutler	9 16
59		Wm Swanzy	1 40
30		Amos Wickersham	71
		Worth Twp.	
33		Henry Clymer	8 99
254		J B Gray	27 25
200		Thos Hawthorn	13 84
345		John Kuhns	49 94
278		Geo Lawman	32 61
230		Jasper Maylan	23 78
274		Sam'l Miles	52 33
25		Widow Morris	4 77
39		John Ross	10 63
85		Jno Swanwich	14 66
6		John Singer	1 84
88		Wm J Shippen	15 22
160		Laird Jonathan, owner	12 13
158		A Laird, owner	6 42
½		Unknown, vacant	75
¼		Jac Vanpool, ow'r	59
25		Wm Wister	11 11
237		Daniel Wister	21 45

D. C. KELLER,
Treasurer.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of George Korman, dec'd, in Gregg twp., on Saturday, June 14: One horse, 2 shoats, top buggy, springwagon, sleigh, running gears of a buggy, side-hill plow, patent reaper-knife grinder, one good double barreled rifle, one watch, and household furniture. Cook stove, room stove, and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m., when terms will be made known.

WASH. GARBERICK,
S. M. LONG,
Samuel Leitzel, Auct. Executors.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of George Korman, deceased, late of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

WASH. GARBERICK, Bellefonte,
28may6t S. M. LONG,
Executors, Farmers Mills.

POTTER SCHOOL BOARD.—The directors of the Potter school district will meet at Old Fort, Monday, June 2, at 9 o'clock a. m., to examine Treasurer's account and attend to such business as may be presented. All persons interested are requested to attend.

The Township Auditors will meet at 1 o'clock p. m., to audit the account; and the directors elect to organize new board.

J. A. KELLER,
W. A. KERR, Sec. President.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Hunter, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that Charles Smith, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. B. Mingle, of Potter, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that R. G. Brett of Ferguson, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that George Hoffer, of Boalsburg, is a candidate for Sheriff subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that D. M. Neidigh, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Miles Walker, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. Greist, of Unionville, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

THE NATIONAL LIFE

INSURANCE CO.,
OF MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Incorporated in 1848.

Assets, $3,000,000; Surplus, $1,050,000.

$1000 Bonds sold on yearly instalments. These bonds are payable to the holder at the expiration of 20 years or at previous death, or a stipulated amount payable in cash at the end of any year after the first, on their surrender. For circulars call on or address

R. M. McENALLY, Special Agent,
Office, one door North of Post Office, Bellefonte, Penn'a. 21may3m

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
BOSTON, MASS.,
—Chartered in 1835.—

Assets, December 31, 1883—$16,901,943.00
Surplus, " " " — 3,456,933.00

Policies non-forfeitable Dividends annually commencing with second annual payment. An endorsement of the Cash Value and Paid-up insurance for every year, made on each policy. Every life Policy becomes an endowment at a fixed age, without change of premium. MARSTON & WAKELIN, General Agents,133 S. 4th St, Philad.

R. M. McENALLY, Special Agent,
Office, one door North of Post Office, Bellefonte, Penn'a. 21may3m

—Irish point and Oriental laces, just received, at the Bee Hive.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at Tusseyville, Saturday, May 31, at 12:30 p. m., the following property of the estate of Catharine Leighty, late of Potter twp.: A ½ Acre Lot, with a 2-story house, stable and other outbuildings, excellent young fruit trees thereon, good cellar under house, good garden and cistern. Also Household Goods. Bed steads and bedding, rocking chair, books, clock, bureau, carpet, tables, chairs, clothing, cook stove, 10-plate stove, tube, dishes, crocks, and many other articles of house and kitchen furniture.

N. B.—Persons having claims against the estate will please present same on day of sale.

JOHN DANIELS, Executor.

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,
To the Front with Seasonable Goods.
Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and
we would be pleased to have you
Call and Examine.
OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT
Cannot be beat in Quality and
Prices, especially in Domestics.
We know we can do you good in
SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS,
TICKS, GINGHAMS,
&c., &c.
A HOST OF BARGAINS IN
DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c.,
PRINTS, &c.
A SPLENDID LINE OF
Cloths and Cashimeres.
Our SUMMER Supply of
MEN'S AND BOYS'
BOOTS & SHOES,
CHILDREN'S SHOES,
with a full and complete line of
LADIE'S WEAR now in and
ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap!
GROCERIES,
FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS
on hand, at prices which will compete
with any other house for the
same quality and style
of goods.
CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.
WM. WOLF & SON.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Appeals will be held for the several Townships and Boroughs in the Commissioners' Office, Bellefonte, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., as follows:

Monday, June 2—for the townships of Rush, Taylor, Worth, Huston, Union and the boroughs of Philipsburg, Unionville and Milesburg.

Tuesday, June 3—for the townships of Burnside, Snow Shoe, Boggs, Howard, Curtin, Liberty, Marion, Walker and the borough of Howard.

Wednesday, June 4—for the townships of Miles, Haines, Penn, Gregg, Potter and the borough of Millheim.

Thursday, June 5—for the townships of Harris, College, Ferguson, Half Moon, Patton, Benner, Spring and the borough of Bellefonte.

Rate: 4 mills for county purposes.

Assessors with their transcripts are requested to be present on the day of Appeal for their townships.

JOHN WOLF,
H. C. CAMPBELL,
A. J. GREIST,
WILES WALKER, Clerk. Commissioners.

BEE-HIVE

ONE PRICE STORES.

——DRESS GOODS,——
SILKS,
SHAWLS,
VELVETS,
——WHITE GOODS,——
NOTIONS,
RIBONS,
LACES.
——DRESS TRIMMINGS,——
CARPETS,
MATTINGS,
LACE CURTAINS,
—— GENTS' FURNISHINGS.——
——o——
—EVERYTHING MARKED IN—
PLAIN FIGURES,

Goldsmith Bros.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.
——o——

N. B.——Merchant Tailoring a Specialty. Also sole Agents for the celebrated Jamestown Dress Goods.

SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the

BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS,
23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

A CHANCE FOR BUSINESS.—The undersigned offers extra inducements to persons wishing to operate in lime burning or quarrying building stones. He has the best quality of lime stone for all purposes, analysed and tested, right on the L. & T. Railroad. Also quarries of the largest and most beautiful lime stone for building purposes, also cement stone pronounced first-class by the analyzer. Ground will be sold or leases given, to suit operators. For further particulars call on

C. J. STAMM,
22apr3m Linden Hall, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Catharine Leighty, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

23ap6t JOHN DANIELS, Executor.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
IN
BOOTS, — SHOES — & — HATS.

The best assortment of BOOTS SHOES & HATS, that was ever brought to this part of the county, and sold at the LOWEST PRICES.

Come and look at our stock—no trouble to show goods.

BUTTER and EGGS will be taken in exchange hereafter. Call and see the stock before buying elsewhere.

JOHN MULLEN,
23aprly CENTRE HALL, PA.

JOHN KLINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

J. C. BOAL,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,

Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building.
may7y

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,

Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines. Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7tf